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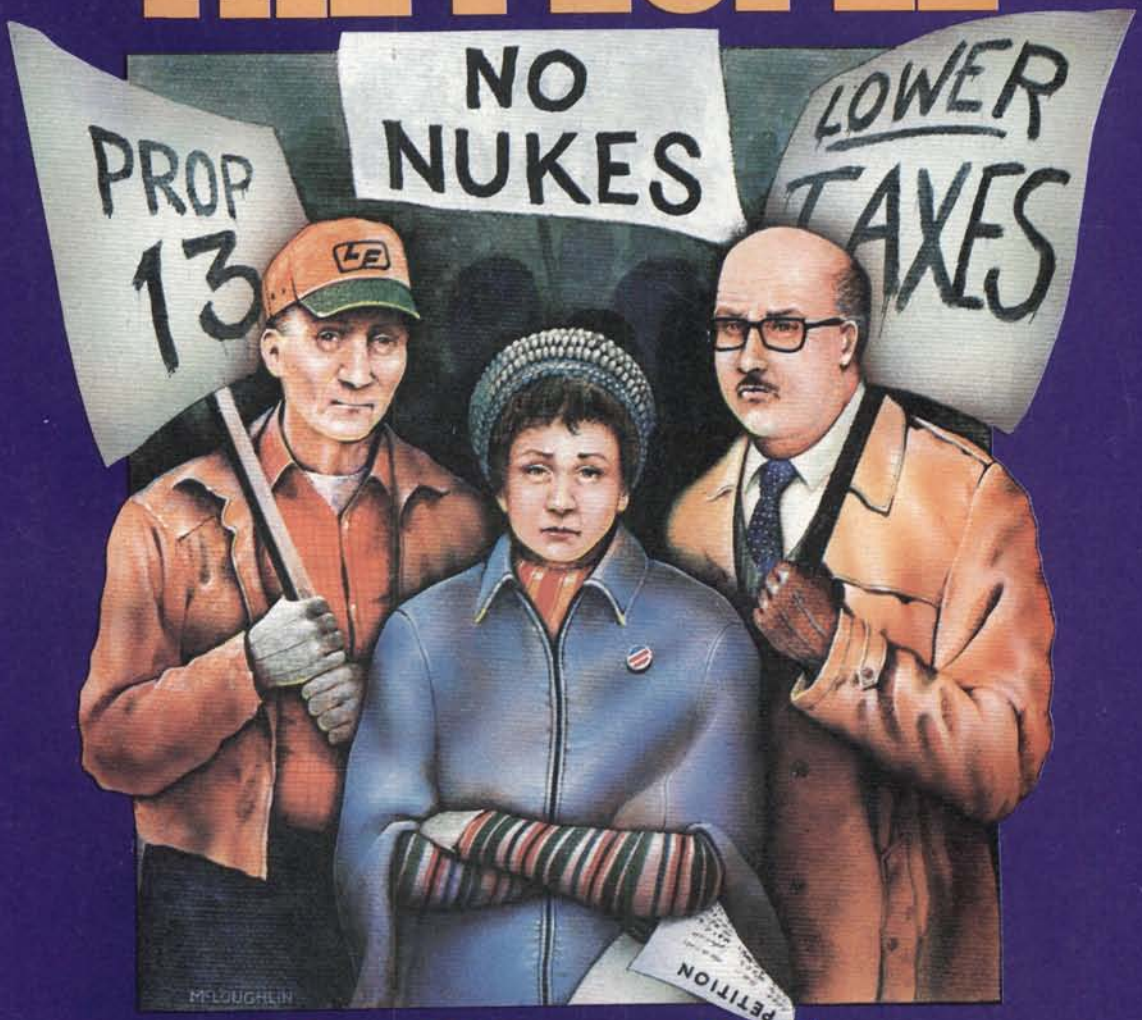

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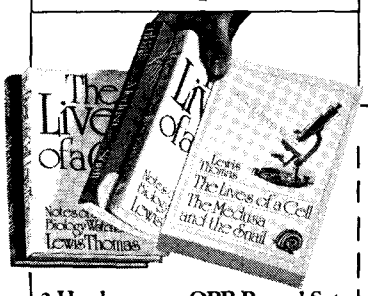

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Let's look at the record

Too many people have been asking us, "Why did the oil industry let us get into this mess?" And some of our critics have suggested that the industry somehow contrived—or connived—to make the United States increasingly and dangerously dependent upon foreign oil. So we've been thumbing through the record, looking back at our messages over the past 10 years. And we ask again: Is anybody listening?

Heaven knows, we've tried to get the peril across. For example:

• **On the dangers of dependency,** we warned on May 11, 1972, long before the 1973 oil embargo, about the danger in becoming "dependent on sources that can be shut off as the result of foreign political or economic pressures." Again and again we repeated this theme, noting in November 1972: "Unless we assure ourselves of the energy required to sustain the well-being of the American people, no arms or armament can assure the nation's security...." We sounded the same note again two months later, with a warning that "fast-rising imports of oil and gas..." would "pose balance-of-payments and security problems to which we are not giving enough attention."

• **On the need for domestic petroleum development,** we repeatedly urged a step-up in domestic exploration and production, more sensible policies on offshore leasing, a realistic timetable for phasing in synthetic fuels. "Mobil is convinced the nation must start planning now to find rational solutions...," we said back in May 1972. We also noted in September 1972 that federal policy had definitely impeded the search for domestic natural gas; called on the government to "proceed with outer continental shelf lease sales" and "overhaul a system of price regulation that has boomeranged spectacularly."

• **On the necessity for conservation,** we stated in March 1972 that oil was growing scarcer and more costly, and we urged every American to: "1. Keep your car properly tuned, so it will run most efficiently. 2. Drive in ways that economize on gasoline and oil. 3. See that your home is properly insulated, as a way to save heating oil. 4. Campaign for mass transit legislation."

• **On the need for more mass transit,** Mobil called as early as October 1970 for a national mass transit plan "consistent with the wisest use of our energy resources." To this day, none exists (although we have hopes that the President's recent call for more funds for mass transit means one is coming).

• **On the crucial importance of a national energy policy,** we pointed out in November 1972 that excessive regulation was hindering "the expansion of energy production and distribution systems." Seven years later, it still is. We called for a national energy policy that would "match our energy potential to foreseeable energy needs." America still doesn't have it.

• **On striking a realistic environmental balance,** we discussed in January 1973 the urgent need for the nation to "strike a socially acceptable balance between environmental considerations and the need for additional energy supplies." This echoed an earlier plea, made in May 1972, for the nation to place "the national interest in energy matters above any regional or other special interest...." The balance required has yet to be struck.

The political leaders of the United States —despite frequent and specific warnings from the U.S. oil industry—walked into the nation's present energy situation with both eyes open. It remains to be seen whether they have the vision to struggle out of it.

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Saturday Review

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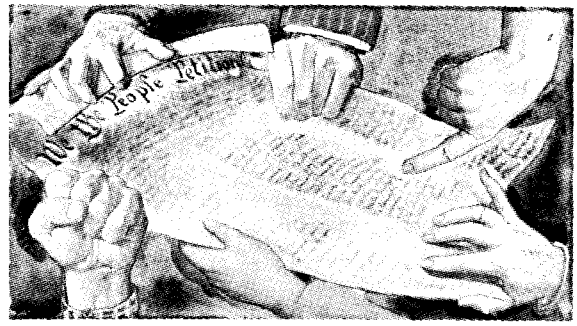

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LETTERS

Corporate Pros and Cons

As Edwin McDowell's "Bridging the Communications Gap" [September 29] makes quite clear, and as we already know, business is fighting back, aiming to reach the American public with its point of view. But who is the American public? In spite of all the research and analysis that have been done, business has missed the obvious: the American public is millions of employees.

If business were to make as concerted an effort to communicate with employees on the job as it does to communicate with some "general public," it could enlist the support of employees and begin the building of pro-business attitudes and behavior.

Diane Newton-Fenderson
New York, New York

When I want an objective view on an issue, I turn to the journalist. "The View From the Bridge: A Poll of Business Leaders" [September 29] hardly fits that objective criterion. The question, "Is all that communicating worth all that money?" wasn't even broached by the businessmen.

I don't want to pay for a corporation's lobbying efforts to persuade the public or sway congressmen. It is not a legitimate cost that should be passed on to the consumer.

Kathleen M. Kuhn
Upland, California

Musical Xenophobia?

I am afraid that Irving Kolodin in "Provincialism on the Podium" [September 29] is himself guilty of the provincialism he decries over the appointment of Riccardo Muti as the Philadelphia Orchestra's new music director: namely, favoritism to friends, or in this case, native-born conductors.

His egregious and incomplete comments about Mr. Muti's career and talents suggest that he is upset at this appointment for reasons that are not musical. For example, he failed to mention that, in addition to his duties in Florence, Muti has been, for several years, the music director of the Philharmonia Orchestra of London.

English concert and recording critics have been highly complimentary to Muti, most of them remarking on his restoration of that orchestra to the forefront of the London orchestral scene. Apparently English music lovers don't suffer from the xenophobia of Mr. Kolodin and manage to appreciate Muti despite the fact that he is not an Englishman.

William B. McLaughlin, III
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

Big League Cuisine

A tsk-tsk to Reynolds Price. In an otherwise excellent article on southern cooking, "A Platonic Restaurant" [September 29], he takes a gratuitous crack at "Junior League manuals that drift in a bog of marshmallow whip and mushroom soup."

The Time-Life book he admires may be all he says it is; at least one Junior League publication, however, is not. *Pirate's Pantry: Treasured Recipes of Southwest Louisiana,* put out by the League of Lake Charles, would, I think, pass Price's critical judgment. True, it does include in its 377 pages of recipes one for "cold curried mushroom soup," but *no* marshmallow whip. It seems to be a splendid compendium of authentic regional recipes.

John Mauff
Chicago, Illinois

A Deserving Balanchine

Walter Terry's balanced and objective article, "Formidable Balanchine: The Long Reign of America's Ballet Master" [September 29], manages to include some clichés about the past that should be laid to rest. Balanchine's influence on American ballet would not be what it is if he had not tapped something natural in American artists. Coolness and desire for nonliteral expression are manifest in many areas of American art; Balanchine did not influence Americans against their will.

As for the Ford Foundation grant, it was not favoritism but basic common sense that dictated its decisions. It seems that this was never fully explained to the public—the obstacles Balanchine overcame before Ford entered the picture are often ignored. The grant was for ballet development (emphasis on both words), and the reasons why American Ballet Theatre was passed over should be apparent to all. Ballet Theatre has for 40 years functioned essentially in the manner of Broadway productions rather than in the manner of ballet companies worldwide and is not the creative fount that the public is led to believe.

Sondra Kalison
Glen Gardner, New Jersey

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Windows on the World of Prostaglandins

Albert Rosenfeld, in his article "The Body's Own Wonder Drug" [October 13], does a remarkable job of dealing in a small space with the burgeoning mass of information accumulating on the prostaglandins. He conveys well the excitement and the travail of the thousands of scientists working with these ubiquitous substances.

The practically numberless and paradoxical activities of PGs, which Mr. Rosenfeld catalogues so well do (not surprisingly) trip him up in one instance. The effect of prostacyclin (PGI_2) is to lower blood pressure and that of thromboxane (TXA_2) to raise it—not the other way around, as he says.

Since many chemical analogs that modify or prolong PG effects have been and are being created and inhibitors that prevent unwanted effects are being studied, both optimism and confusion are understandable. Indeed the fatty acids which are the source of PGs hold the promise of successful dietary manipulation as well as the development of therapeutic agents.

Mr. Rosenfeld is to be congratulated for providing a window to observe this turbulent and dazzling display of biologic research approaching fruition and pressing our noses against it.

David K. Silver
Editorial Director
Prostaglandins & Therapeutics
New York, New York

The Gender Trap

Ted Morgan made one insightful observation when he demonstrated that a successful writer is not perceptually trapped by gender in "Writers Who Happen to be Women" [October 13]. What prism bent the rest of his reflections? Could it be his gender?

He asks that writing women look to the glory of successful female authors: Compared to women in certain other fields, he says, they are an "overwhelming" list. The size of the earth is overwhelming or small depending upon your vantage point: a doorstep or the moon.

After he notes that women initial their manuscripts to hide their sex, Mr. Morgan asks them instead to admit failure and recognize success: "the two Georges (Sand and Eliot)." Has he forgotten why these women were not two Marys? They wanted to be published.

Certainly women as well as men are trying to sell poor manuscripts in a glutted market. Yet in any market it is the marginal products that are subject to change—not the really poor products, but those of negotiable quality. At the margin gender counts.

Maureen McKane
Aurora, Illinois

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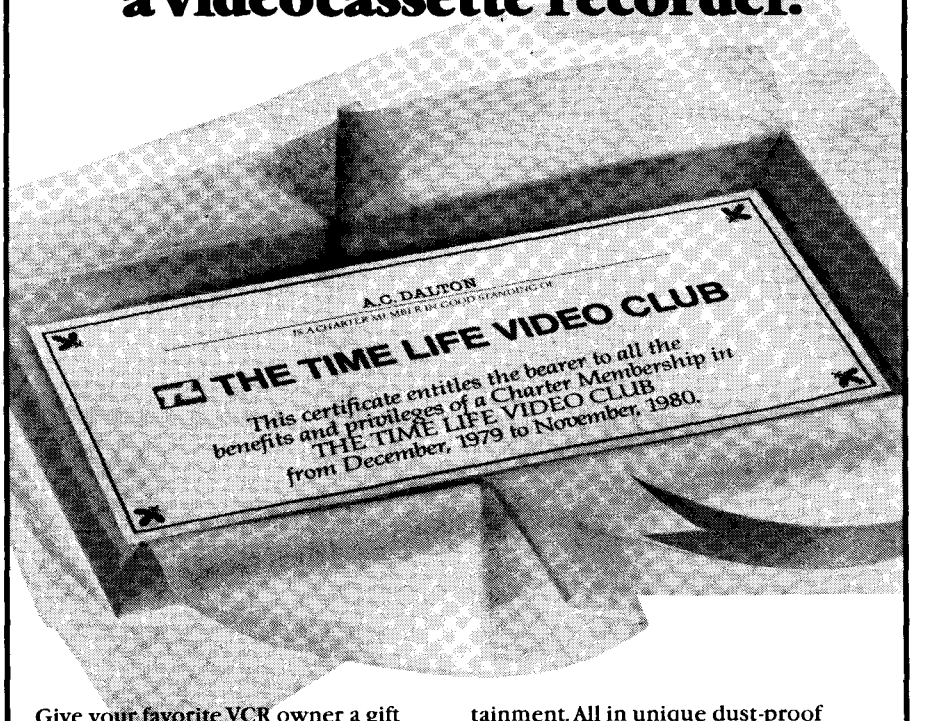
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FRONT RUNNERS

Beat Your Drills Into Pruning Hooks

The energy crisis has at least had the ancillary virtue of stimulating America's innovative juices. Farmers are mashing corn into ethanol, automakers are spurring the development of the battery-driven car. But Melvin Calvin has another, and perhaps a better, idea. The Nobel Prize-winning chemist is cultivating, and devoutly championing, a "petroleum plantation" of gopher plants, which yield a high-grade crude oil.

"Right now we can get 10 barrels an acre from these wild plants," says the University of California scientist. "With any kind of breeding we can raise that to 20 to 30 barrels." The scruffy plants, which we recognize in such forms as milkweed, are simply cut open and emptied of their precious sap; they grow back in time for the next harvest a year later.

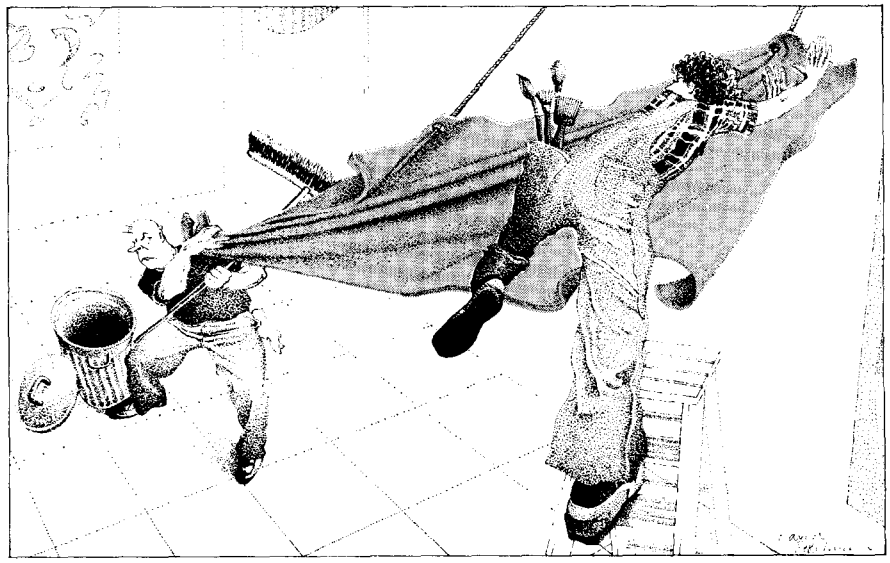
Ten barrels an acre may not sound like much for a country that consumes 18 million barrels of oil a day; but Professor Calvin points out that "one Arizona [60 million acres] could supply 10 percent of our liquid fuel needs." The plants thrive in a semiarid climate, such as the vast uncultivated tracts of land in the Southwest. Calvin envisions a staggering conversion of unused scrub land into petroleum plantations. "Within six years you could be harvesting 100 million acres, if you started now," he claims.

The chances of "starting now," as Calvin admits, do not look terribly good. At an estimated $40 a barrel, the oil would be even more expensive to obtain and process than the synthetic fuel proposed in President Carter's lavish energy program (though the price drops as the yield per acre increases). However, the born-again Energy Department, now looking kindly on alternative energy sources, is devoting over $500,000 to plant research this year, while two large oil companies, whom Calvin declines to name, have already initiated studies of their own. "It's on its way," says Professor Calvin, with the ringing certainty of the prophet waiting for the world to arrive at his doorstep.

One Man's Art Is Another Man's Trash

Modern artists get no respect. When confronted with, say, a composition of rusted car parts, most of us are stumped for an adequate response. But not Richard Love. When Love and a group of other workmen found "Triple Variance" lying on the floor of Atlanta's Richard Russell Federal Building, they mistook it for garbage, and carted it over to their dump truck. "When we saw it, we thought it was a drop cloth," says Love of the 15-by-40 foot paint-spattered canvas. "Now that it's up, it looks even more like one."

Artist Sam Gilliam now joins with Love's boss, Jon Davis, in claiming that the painting was never actually consigned to a trash-bin. But Gilliam remains inflamed over the painting's slighting reception: "I think the whole thing is embarrassing for Atlanta," he says. What really provokes Gilliam's ire is that after his painting's life was spared, a federal judge in the Russell building had the canvas moved from a 23rd-floor courtroom to the ground floor. The tactful jurist wrote that the court had no aesthetic objection to "Triple Variance," but rather felt that it was not "appropriate for the particular space involved." Unlike Love, the judge declined to specify what space he thought *would* be appropriate.



Those Who Are Not Puzo

Writers don't make much money, but they compensate with the feeling that their poverty is someone else's fault. A recent survey by the scrivener's trade group, P.E.N. International, put the median annual income from writing of participating authors at a fat $4,700. (They fend off abject penury through teaching and other sidelines.) In 1978 about 39 percent made less than $3,000, the same figure as seven years ago, with 75 points on the Cost of Living Index under the bridge. Thirty percent of these threadbare souls earned less from literary pursuits in 1978 than they had five years earlier.

But your average literary starveling knows that somebody out there is responsible for his sorry condition, and it's not he. Thus at least one pundit suggested "a guaranteed minimal income for writers and artists." Another, perhaps with the instance of the World Bank in mind, recommended that "wealthy writers should help less fortunate writers." Eighty-one percent of these poets and poetasters agreed that "publishers should donate a percentage of profits from works in the public domain to a fund for writers."

The only realistic one in the group suggested, as a cure for financial woes, that the writer "die young in a tragic manner."

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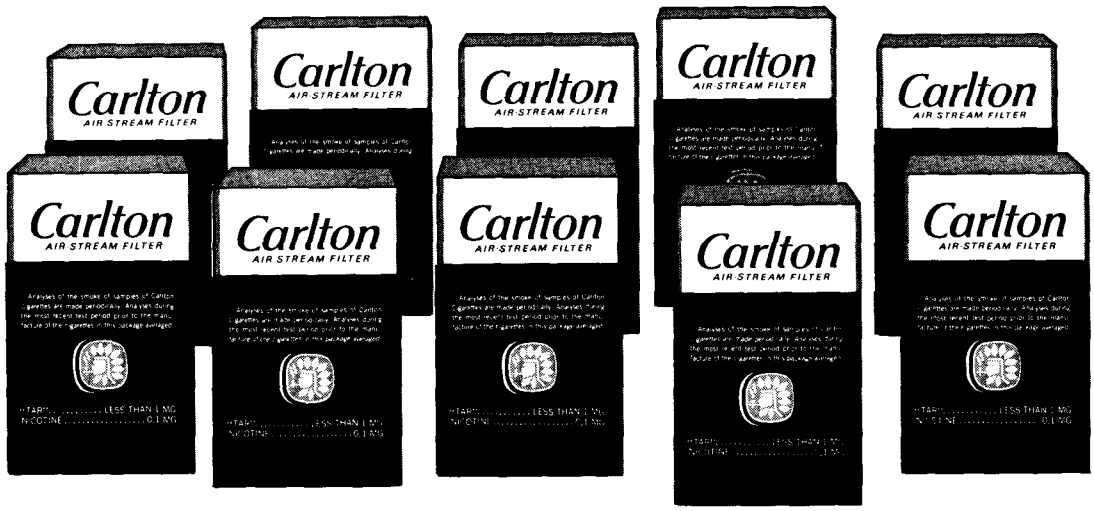

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Merit	8	0.6
Merit Menthol	8	0.6

	Tar mg./cig.	Nicotine mg./cig.
Parliament Lights	9	0.6
Salem Lights	10	0.8
Vantage	11	0.8
Vantage Menthol	11	0.8
Winston Lights	13	0.9

Carlton is lowest.

Less than 1 mg. tar, 0.1 mg. nic.

Of all brands, lowest...Carlton Box: less than 0.5 mg. tar and 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Box: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar", 0.05 mg. nicotine; Soft Pack and Menthol: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78.

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NOTES FROM THE BLUE COAST

That's Not Poetry, That's Italian

THE HEAT AND noise in Monte Carlo are killing, so I have come just north of Nice to a small hotel overlooking the river Var and, if the haze would lift, the sea into which it empties. I've brought nothing to read, having read too much already this year and very little for pleasure.

No reading then, except for nature's signatures: the mittens of fig leaves, the exaggerated heartless daisies of the oleander. This resolve has lasted one day. What books did the hotel have? Only, in French, the collected works of a certain Frank G. Slaughter, a writer, evidently American, unfamiliar to me. If I read one of his books, which one should it be? Besides, reading one might impel me to read the lot, too much for a few days' vacation. Then I found another book, very small: the *Epigrams of Walter Savage Landor* translated into Italian prose. Savage Landor Slaughter. Wild West connotations. I am ready to ingest bits of that laconic Englishman. This one, for example:

Inconsistenza
Ride la primavera con fresco diletto
Nel viso di natura, adornando di fiori
Primaticci la fronte di sua madre.
Quando il mattino viene, desidero
La notte ancora;
E quando vien la notte,
Di bel nuovo desidero il mattino.

I do not seem to remember the original. I am driven to reconstitute it. Prose first:

Spring laughs with fresh pleasure in the face of nature, adorning with early flowers the forehead of her mother. When morning comes, I desire once more the night; and when the night comes I wish once again for the morning.

Verse now. First dig out possible rhymes: delight (diletto) and night (notte); adorning (adornando) and morning (mattino). Try this:

Spring laughs with fresh delight
In Nature's face, adorning
With early flowers her mother's brow.
When morning comes, ah how
I wish again for night.
When night returns, I long for morning.

There is something not quite right about this. It rhymes correctly enough, and except for that (surely excusable) *ah how* I have used no word not to be found—synonymously anyway—in my literal prose rendering of the Italian. And yet I am quite sure that Landor would never have passed it. Why is this not poetry, or, if it is, why is it so patently inferior to whatever Landor wrote, whatever it was? I get on the telephone to Monte Carlo, telling my sweltering son to hunt out my volume of Landor. It will be a long job.

I saw in Singapore some years ago a film version of *Hamlet* made in India. The "to be or not to be" soliloquy was very curt in its Hindi version, and all that the subtitles said was: "Shall I live or shall I kill myself? I don't know. There may be a hell after this life, and that's where suicides are sent; I'd better live, I think." Much to the point, though not poetry. Most people would, I believe, dish the poetry for the sake of the point. Poetry takes too long, we are told, it's unclear, definitely unbusinesslike. Why do we bother with it? Chiefly because, aiming at memorability, poetry is the most businesslike medium imaginable: "Nim a nosh a nickel"; "Oedipus Schmeedipus"; "Winston tastes good like a cigarette should." But (the carpers are partly right) the magic can get in the way of the business. The hero of Aldous Huxley's *Crome Yellow* says that *"Les échelles noires manquent de vessies"* is both senseless and unmagical. Put it into English and it is still senseless, but, since it has now become magical, who wants sense?

Black ladders
Lack bladders.

You can't lay down rules for the magic; the poet has to play by ear, and his ear can't always be trusted. When Robert Browning wrote "Irks care the cropful bird, frets doubt the maw-crammed beast?" his ear was undoubtedly wax-crammed. Shakespeare wrote "When first your eye I eyed," which he doubtless thought ingenious, not having heard many popular Mexican songs.

Night has come, bringing the most vicious mosquitoes, and I am seated at dinner. My son interrupts to tell me he has found the volume of Landor. Look for a poem called, probably, "Inconsistency," I ask him. He goes flick flick flick over the wires. "Is it this one?" he says, and he reads out, not well:

Spring smiles in Nature's face with fresh delight,
With early flowers her mother's brow adorning;
When morning comes, I wish again for night,
And when night comes, I wish again for morning.

That is very much it. And, final demonstration of poetic magic, compare this—

Non lottai con nessuno, nessuno
La mia lotta valendo. Natura
Amai; a lei vicina, l'Arte.
Le mani, entrambe, della vita al fuoco
Scaldai: adesso langue, ed io
Sono pronto a partire—

with this:

I strove with none, for none was worth my strife;
Nature I loved and, next to Nature, Art:
I warm'd both hands before the fire of life:
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

A waggish friend once told me that Art was the name of Landor's butcher's errand-boy. That false revelation lingers with me, but it cannot wholly slaughter the sorcery.

—Anthony Burgess

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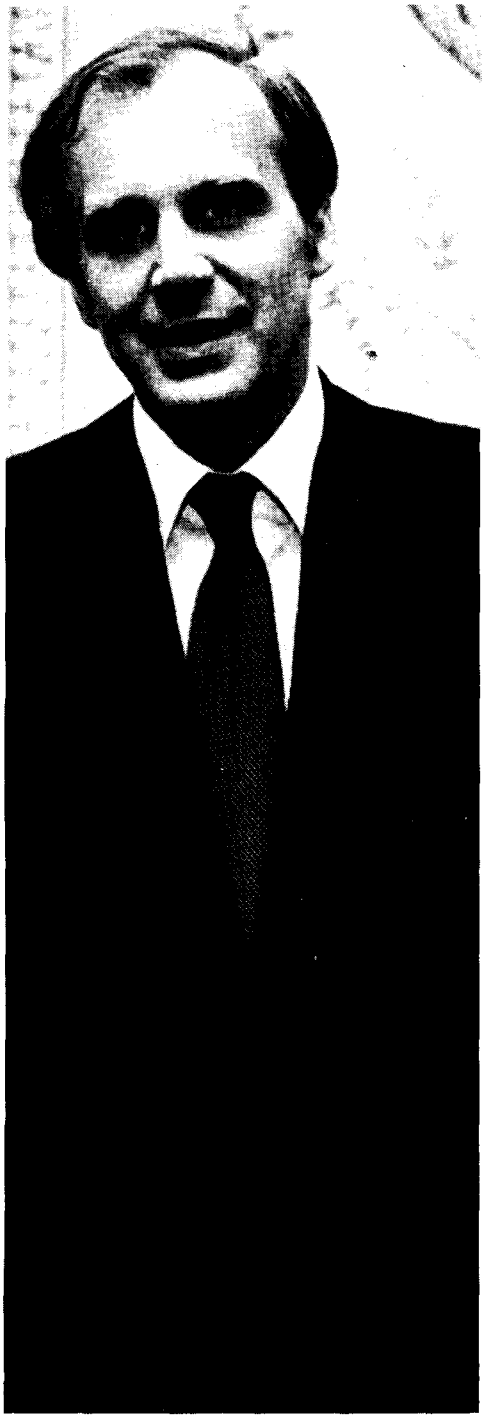
Rediscover the courage of words in Harper's

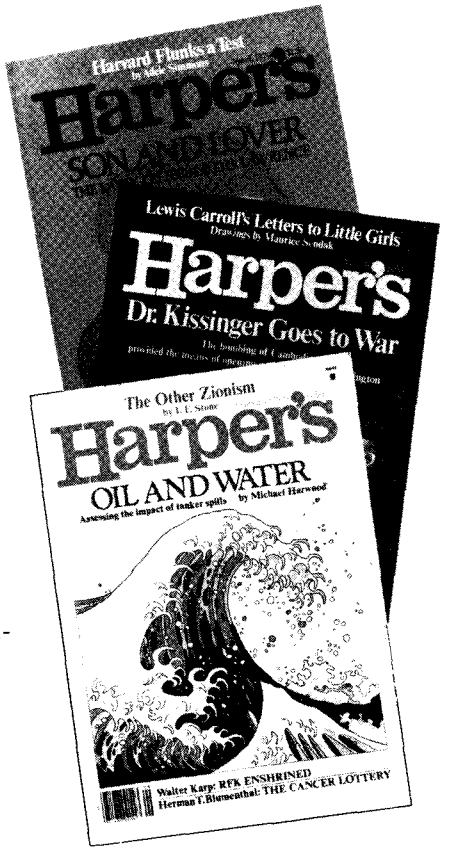


"As often as not these days I run across people who wonder why Harper's publishes so many criticisms of American art, government, and education. Not that they object to these criticisms, but they worry about the magazine's hope for the future. Why must the magazine dwell so much on the imperfectibility of man and the failure of his grand designs? Might it not be possible to cast a more cheerful light among the ruins?

I should remind the reader that I am by trade an optimist. As an editor I have no choice but to believe in man's capacity to learn from his failures. It seems to me that a magazine such as Harper's has an obligation to publish as many arguments on as many sides of a given question as there are people willing to declare themselves.

The argument going on in the country cannot be seen as the customary opposition between liberal and conservative, Left and Right, Democrat and Republican. It has to do instead with the division between people who would continue the American experiment and those who think the experiment has gone far enough.

The fearful majority needs to be opposed by an articulate and courageous minority, by people who live for others, and not the opinion of others, who believe that they can forge their energy and their intelligence into the shapes of their own destiny and their own future. I admire the courage of such people whenever I have the good fortune to meet them, but I have particular regard for those among them who choose to write magazine articles. I count it a victory to find writers who speak in plain words and who report what they have seen and heard and thought rather than what they have been told. "



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Lewis H. Lapham
Editor

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LIGHT REFRACTIONS

Less Than Words Can Say

THERE HAVE been lots of books published lately about the problems of modern American English. We should be grateful to their authors for pointing to a growing corruption of the language, of communication, and ultimately of our capacity for rational thought.

I've found one common failing in almost all these books, though. They remind me of chewing gum. That's not quite so disparaging as it sounds. It's been years since I've chewed gum, but I recall that when I did the gum was delicious for a while, then it began to lose its flavor, and after a while it was just gum. So it has been with the recent crop of books on American English. I've usually savored the first third of each book with great pleasure, coasted rather enjoyably through most of the second third, and quit somewhere during the last third. The books tend to get repetitious, using more and more samples of bad writing in order to make and remake essentially the same points.

I've mentioned the *Underground Grammarian* a couple of times, and I've had lots of mail asking where to write for a subscription. The *Underground Grammarian* is a very small pamphlet that features exposés of execrable writing—mostly writing perpetrated by those who don't know much about the English language but who nevertheless take money for teaching it.

The underground grammarian himself, Richard Mitchell, is a professor at Glassboro State College in Glassboro, New Jersey. He writes with perfect clarity and a bright, urbane wit. He not only writes the commentary; he prints the paper himself on a press in the basement of his home. There is no conventional subscription to the *Underground Grammarian*. Professor Mitchell has a large mailing list of people to whom he sends his periodical free of charge. He hopes those who receive it will reproduce their copies and send them to friends. If you want to try to get on his mailing list, the address is P.O. Box 203, Glassboro, N.J. 08028.

The good news is that Richard Mitchell has written a book, *Less Than Words Can Say* (Little, Brown), which is the first of its genre to retain its tang from beginning to end.

Professor Mitchell has an inside track. As a faculty member of a teachers' college, he sees the best and the worst not only of the language, but of the core of our educational system. He writes with skill, knowledge, philosophy, and great humor, exploring not simply the facts of linguistic corruption, but many of its causes and its consequences.

He says that, to a deplorable extent, today's educators are failing even to attempt to teach what they should be teaching and are trying to teach what no one asked them to teach and what, furthermore, probably cannot be taught:

> Our educators have said that they would teach love and the brotherhood of mankind ... social consciousness and environmental awareness, creativity, ethnic pride, tolerance, sensitivity to interpersonal/intercultural relationships, and the skills of self-expression, provided, of course, that such skills didn't involve irrelevant details like spelling and the agreement of subjects and verbs.
>
> ... Very few Americans will recall asking the educators to pursue such goals. It was the educators who decided not only that such an enterprise was mandated by the people but that it belonged properly in the public schools....We *did* ask the schools to teach everybody to read and write and cipher.
>
> ... If you'd like to be a teacher, but you don't want to work too hard, by all means set up as a teacher of the brotherhood of mankind rather than as a teacher of reading and writing and arithmetic. Such a career has the further advantage that no one knows how to decide whether you have actually taught anyone anything, whereas teachers of reading and writing and arithmetic are always being embarrassed when their students are shown not to have learned those things.

You might think Professor Mitchell is overstating his case. I think he is not. Perhaps you remember from a recent column, "Grammar Don't Matter None" [September 29], Stanley Berne and Arlene Zekowski of Eastern New Mexico University, who say things like, "We're professors of English. We are concerned with the idea of expressing feelings. Arbitrary rules of grammar prohibit that. If English teachers don't realize it and begin teaching that way, they're going to lose touch with the reality of the language."

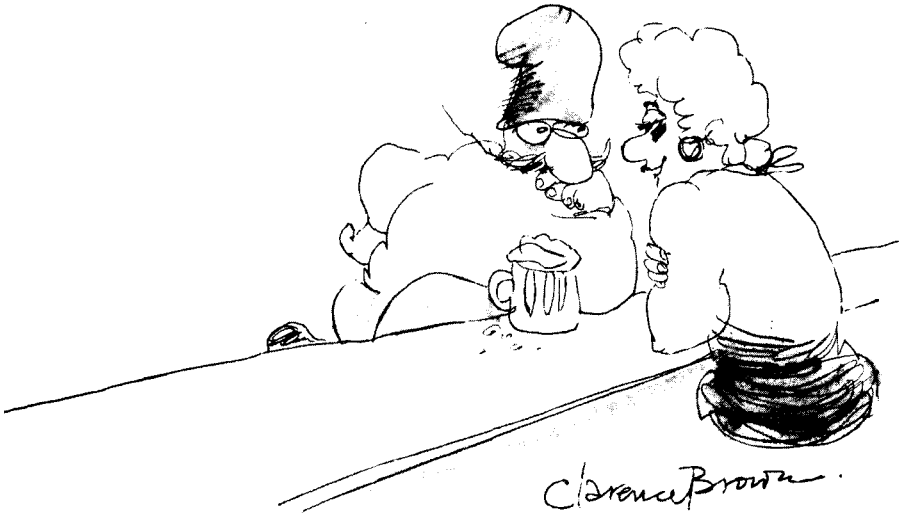
Unfortunately, the number of teachers who agree with them is appalling, and it is not at all unlikely that this denigration of the rules is one of the main causes of the dreadful writing by people who are presumed to understand what writing is all about. As Mitchell says, the rules are important because they work. Writing without rules doesn't work.

Less Than Words Can Say doesn't end on a note of optimism. Teachers who don't respect the rules don't know the rules, so they couldn't teach them if they wanted to. If there are few left who can teach English today, who will teach the future teachers?

We are in trouble. When writers don't know the rules, their writing usually turns to mush. When writing turns to mush, thought, which feeds on writing, suffers from malnutrition and is incapable of clear development or expression.

When that happens, the perils of this complex world become overwhelming.

—Thomas H. Middleton



"Frankly, it's your hat."

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By Alvin Tresselt, Dean of Faculty

If you want to write and get published, I can't think of a better way to do it than writing books and stories for children and teenagers. Ideas flow naturally right out of your own life. While it's still a challenge, the odds of getting that first unforgettable check from a juvenile publisher are better than they are from just about any other kind of publisher I know.

Later on, you may get other checks from other publishers. But right now, the object is to begin — to break into print — to learn the feeling of writing and selling your work and seeing your name in type. After that, you can decide if you want your writing to take another direction.

But after 30 years of editing, publishing, and teaching (and 53 books) I can tell you this: you'll go a long way before you find anything as rewarding as writing for young readers.

Your words will never sound as sweet as they do from the lips of a child reading your books and stories. And the joy of creating books and stories that young people 'really dig' is an experience you'll never have anywhere else. (In this age of boob tube illiteracy, convenient morality, and plastic values, *do you know of a more important audience?)*

But, that's not all. The financial rewards go far beyond most people's expectations because there's a surprisingly big market out there for writers who are trained to crack it. More than 130 million young people's books are purchased each year. Between 2,000 and 2,500 new titles appear annually and new authors account for as many as half of them.

There are also 250 monthly magazines looking for material for young readers. You can imagine how much writing it takes just to keep them going!

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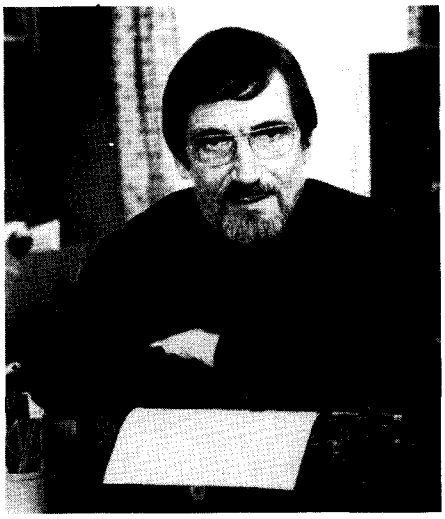

Alvin Tresselt was Vice President and Executive Editor of Parents' Magazine Press, the first editor of *Humpty Dumpty's Magazine for Children*, and has served on the board of the Author's Guild. His 53 books for young readers have sold over two million copies.

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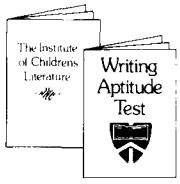

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POWER TO THE PEOPLE

The Crusade for Direct Democracy

by Michael Nelson

STARTING SOMETIME next month, we can expect to suffer the usual plague of end-of-the-decade assessments. Judging from the early returns, the verdict on the Seventies seems fairly predictable. The instant historians will tell us that this has been a placid decade, notable mostly for being different from the last one. The Sixties, they will say, were above all a time of direct-action politics—demonstrations, mass participation, plebiscitary rather than representative democracy. By contrast—a contrast that then-and-now pictures of Jerry Rubin, Rennie Davis, and Berkeley's Sproul Plaza will underscore—the Seventies have been apolitical.

Some will mourn the passing of Sixties-style politics, others will rejoice. Both will miss the point. For Americans in the Seventies did not turn away from the politics of direct action, they merely domesticated it, institutionalized it, and embraced it in the bosom of the middle class.

Nothing illustrates this better than the rising use of the initiative, a device by which—in the 23 states and more than 100 cities that allow it—citizens can draft a piece of legislation, place it on the ballot by petition, and have their fellow voters directly decide on election day whether it should become law or not. (Initiatives are different from referendums, which allow voters to accept or reject laws already passed by the legislature.) By the end of 1979, some 175 initiatives will have been voted on at the state level since 1970, almost twice as many as in the 1960s. The rate of initiative use accelerated through the decade, from 10 in 1970 to more than 40 each in 1976 and 1978. Two states and the District of Columbia have added the initiative process to their constitutions, and at least 10 others now are considering doing so. In one of them, New York, the initiative idea is being pushed by an unlikely coalition of the League of Women Voters, the Conservative Party, the local branch of Ralph Nader's Public Interest Research Group, and an ad hoc organization called V.O.T.E., which is headed by a conservative investment banker who says he hopes to become New York's Howard Jarvis.

Coalitions like this one (which, to confuse matters further, bears the editorial imprimatur of the *New York Times* and *Newsday*, as well as a host of conservative upstate newspapers) make it hard to characterize the rising initiative tide in standard liberal-conservative terms. So does the sponsorship in Congress of the proposed constitutional amendment to allow national initiatives, which ranges from senators like Mark Hatfield on the left to Dennis DeConcini in the middle and Larry Pressler on the right. Among conservative columnists, George F. Will has condemned the initiative, Patrick Buchanan has praised it, and James J. Kilpatrick has been all over the lot. Liberals such as Tom Wicker (pro) and the *New Republic*'s Henry Fairlie (con) can be found on either side.

Most distressing of all to those who like their politics tidy has been the extraordinary range of purposes to which the initiative has been put. Last year, for example, Oregon voters passed an initiative that restored capital punishment, but defeated one to restrict state funding of abortions. (They also decided to break the dentists' monopoly on the sale of false teeth.) Michigan voted to raise the drinking age from 19 to 21, but spurned a conservative educational "voucher" plan that would have subsidized parents' decisions to send their children to private schools. (Californians may be voting on a similar plan next June.) An Alaska initiative to set aside some 30 million acres of land for small homesteaders was approved; another to ban no-deposit bottles failed. Californians turned down an anti-smoking proposal; they also refused to require school boards to fire homosexual teachers. A Montana initiative to place restrictions on nuclear power-plant licensing and operations won. A North Dakota plan to regulate health-care costs lost. Collective-bargaining rights did well in Michigan and Missouri, while casino gambling did poorly in Florida.

The most celebrated initiative of 1978 was, of course, California's Proposition 13, the astonishingly popular proposal by Howard Jarvis and Paul Gann to reduce property taxes in the state by 57 percent. Its success in June quickly triggered a middle-class "tax revolt" that terrified liberals in other states. James Farmer, the erstwhile civil rights leader who now heads a group called the Coalition of American Public Employees, complained that "the tax revolt represents nothing more than the overthrow of equity among taxpayers." Worried commentators predicted that right-wing Jarvis fever would sweep the initiative states in November.

It did not quite turn out that way, however. Although Proposition 13 clones passed in two small states, Idaho and Nevada, they failed in Michigan and Oregon. Four state initiatives to

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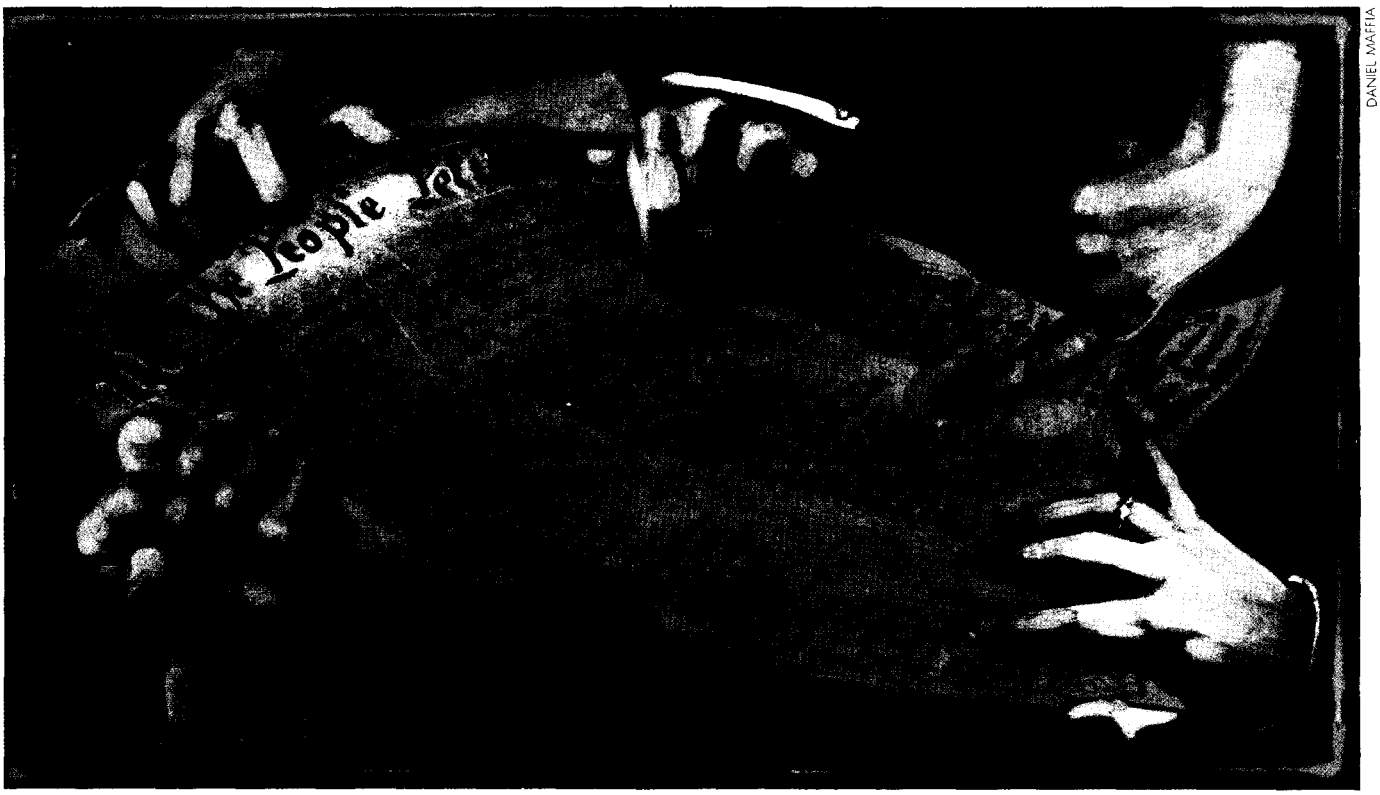

DANIEL MAFFIA

limit increases in government spending passed, but two were turned down. Still others failed to garner enough signatures to get on the ballot. This year Nevada voters repealed the state's 3.5 percent sales tax on food, a reform dear to liberal hearts. And next year a whole host of tax initiatives—liberal, conservative, or both—will come up at the polls. Ohio and Massachusetts proposals (as described in "Renegade Tax Reform: Turning Prop 13 on its Head," *SR*, May 12, 1979) would cut property taxes but make up the lost revenues with increased levies on business. Interestingly enough, political scientist Austin Ranney found that in the 33 years prior to 1978, the initiative served as a tool for liberals on tax issues. Their side triumphed 77 percent of the time.

THE LACK OF A clear ideological tilt in the initiative process also is evidenced by the new style of initiative politicians who have led the direct-action efforts of the 1970s. Thus far, arch-conservative Howard Jarvis is the one national celebrity to come out of the initiative movement—he even made *People* magazine's list of "The 25 Most Intriguing People of 1978." But Pat Quinn of Chicago is a more typical wielder of the initiative tool. Quinn is a full-time law student at Northwestern University who, as "a 40-hour-a-week hobby," heads an 8,000 member organization called the Illinois Coalition for Political Honesty. (Members are defined simply as those who pass petitions to get initiatives on the ballot.) Although he got into state politics seven years ago in the traditional way, as an aide to victorious gubernatorial candidate Dan Walker, Quinn's experience in the campaign and in the Walker administration was discouraging. "I became disillusioned in the potential of candidate politics," he says. "You get candidates who either can't deliver on their promises after the election, or don't want to. With initiatives you can address the issues directly."

Illinois has allowed an initiative process since 1970, but neither Quinn nor anybody else had much sense of its potential until his brother Tom came home in 1975 from college in California, where he had gotten involved in a successful campaign to pass a candidate-and-lobbyist-disclosure initiative. "Illinois at that time had around 20 state legislators convicted or under indictment, and the legislature wasn't doing anything about ethics," Pat recalls. "It also had a rule that allowed legislators to draw their whole year's pay on the first day of the session, so even if they were sent to jail in the middle of the year, they still kept the rest of their year's salary. Five of us—me, my brother, and three friends—started a petition drive to get that changed, so at least they'd be paid the same way everybody else is. The issue took off and we got enough signatures to put it on the ballot. Within a month the legislature gave us what we wanted on their own, but we decided to keep the Coalition for Political Honesty going and see what else could be done by initiative."

The coalition's current plan is for a 1980 initiative that, if passed, would overhaul the legislature completely. Presently, Illinois is divided into 59 districts, each of which elects three legislators-at-large. In Quinn's view, the combination of a large number of legislators (177, third highest in the nation) and a small number of districts gives Illinois the worst of both worlds—"too many politicians, but too little representation." His initiative would double the number of districts to 118 and assign one representative to each, thus reducing the membership of the legislature by one third. "A change like this is the kind of thing a legislature will never make by itself," says Quinn, "because it would threaten the jobs of the legislators who would have to make it. They get paid $28,000 a year and for many it's a second job. The initiative is the only tool a citizen has."

QUINN, A YOUNG liberal, and Jarvis, an aging conservative, have a good bit more in common than first meets the eye. So do the conservative tax "revolters" in Idaho and the liberal tax "reformers" in Ohio, the conservative pro-voucher people in California and the liberal anti-dentists in Oregon, and other seemingly dissimilar groups of activists. For whatever their political coloration, the greater part of initiative users seem motivated by a basic shared concern: They regard the government itself as just another self-serving interest, one that is all the more threatening because it cannot be reformed except from outside, through direct-action politics.

Looking back over the history of political reform in this century, it is remarkable how many fundamental political

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changes were hastened by initiative after state legislators balked, reluctant to alter the rules of the game by which they had been elected. Long before Congress and the state legislatures saw the handwriting on the wall, initiatives in several states already had been passed to repeal the poll tax, establish woman suffrage, provide for direct election of United States senators, and institute primary elections. Similarly, the Seventies have been marked by a whole host of ethics, disclosure, and "sunshine-in-government" initiatives, passed by voters after legislatures had turned them down. Austin Ranney finds that historically, the initiative has been used more to alter governmental and political processes than for any other purpose.

In this light, it also seems apparent that the Proposition 13-inspired "tax revolt" has been aimed less at taxes per se than at the ever larger and more prosperous government bureaucracies that are collecting and spending them. In California, for example, powerful government-employee unions, along with their colleagues in the legislature, beat back fairly modest efforts to reduce evermore burdensome property taxes for years, even after the state treasury accumulated a multi-billion-dollar surplus. Finally, things reached the point where the lamentations of public officials simply were not believed. One poll taken on the eve of Proposition 13 found 88 percent of Californians insisting that "if government services were made more efficient, the current level of services could be provided even though budgets were reduced."

This perception of selfish behavior *by* government officials *for* government officials seems to exist among voters everywhere. A nationwide survey commissioned by the *Washington Post* found that three out of four citizens said they too would vote for a Proposition 13-style tax cut if they had the chance. But an even higher percentage also said that it wasn't so much the taxes that bothered them as the way the money was being wasted. Given a choice of low taxes or high taxes that are spent efficiently, two-thirds picked the latter. "Their real concern," the *Post* concluded, "is that it is the bureaucracy, not the public, that benefits from taxes."

Are people correct in attributing many of the ills of government to the self-serving behavior of the governing class of legislators and bureaucrats? It would be surprising if they were not. It is almost an axiom of sociological theory that when organizations grow larger and more powerful—as all levels of governments have in order to meet our demand for a militarily powerful welfare state—they develop interests of their own, different from those they were created to represent.

Americans have not rejected the politics of direct action; they have merely domesticated it.

DIRCK HALSTEAD/LIAISON

Californians press for an anti-smoking initiative.

This clearly has happened at the state and local level, where the number of government employees has tripled from four million in 1950 to 12 million today, with their unions vigorously advocating both higher benefits and higher taxes to finance them. But nowhere is the rise of a governing class more evident than in Washington, D.C. "Right now there are two popular clichés about Washington," writes *Washington Post* reporter Nicholas Lemann, "and both of them, like most clichés, have a lot of truth in them. The first is that Washington is a company town, where everything revolves around the federal government and there's always just one topic of conversation. The second is that Washington has become the national capital of affluence as well as of government."

It was inevitable, then, that someone would take the initiative to Washington.

AS IT TURNED OUT, there were two people. John Forster and Roger Telschow, fresh out of college, had spent 1976 working in state initiative campaigns all over the country. "We were really struck at the time by the contrast between the enthusiasm people had about initiatives and the indifference they felt toward the presidential and congressional elections," says Telschow. After the election, the figures bore them out: Though voter turnout had dropped for the fourth straight time since 1960, initiative use reached a postwar high. Deciding that national initiatives on citizen-proposed federal laws were an idea whose time had come, they set off for Washington to try to get Congress to pass a constitutional amendment permitting such an innovation. Here is how the national initiative would work:

Citizens initiating a new law would have 18 months to collect petitions with valid signatures equal in number to 3 percent of the votes cast in the preceding presidential election—at present that would be 2.5 million. The Justice Department would then check the signatures for validity. If it certified them within 120 days of the next national election, the proposed initiative would go on the ballot right away; otherwise it would have to wait two years until the next election.

The initiative, if passed by a simple majority of voters, would become law 30 days after the election. As with any other legislation, it would be subject to judicial review and congressional override, though the latter would require the two-thirds vote of Congress and presidential concurrence. Finally, the initiative could not be used to declare war, call up troops, or propose constitutional amendments.

Initiative America (which is what the two young men named their organization) can be described generously as a shoestring operation; in Washington's constellation of elaborate and well-financed interest groups, it is the equivalent of a lemonade stand in midtown Manhattan. But through sheer energy, will, and talent, Forster and Telschow managed to do everything a shoestring operation can do in politics. In 1977, they persuaded Senator James Abourezk to sponsor their amendment. They then roused interest among press and pollsters—Cambridge Survey Research found three-to-one public support for the idea, for example, and George Gallup included it in a *Reader's Digest* article on the "Six Political Reforms Americans Want Most." Because of this attention, and because Abourezk was a member of the constitutional amendments subcommittee, Senate hearings soon were held on it.

The power of a good idea, of course, can take it only so far through an amendment process that requires the support of two-thirds of each house of Congress and three-fourths of the states—especially an idea whose premise is that Congress has not been representing the people adequately. But Forster and Telschow felt that once Senate hearings rendered the idea respectable, they would be able to rally a coalition of open-government groups like Common Cause behind it.

What followed was a bitterly disappointing experience, one that illustrates yet another sociological axiom: Adversarial organizations end up more alike than different. "We found out

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Candidates as disparate as Jerry Brown and Ronald Reagan favor the national initiative.

John Forster and Roger Telschow spread the initiative gospel.

that these Washington-based 'people's groups' have become little bureaucracies of their own," recalls Forster. "They see the initiative as a threat to their interests. They thrive on the fact that they can claim to represent people to the government on various issues. If people had an initiative to turn to, two things would happen: One, they could represent themselves, and two, the scene of the action would shift from Washington to the country. That would diminish the public-interest groups' importance. They prefer not to change the rules, even if there doesn't seem to be any chance of winning under the status quo."

Stalled in the Washington community, Initiative America's great hope for the future is that its proposal will be picked up in next year's presidential campaign. This would not be altogether surprising. The governing class's popular standing has been steadily declining. Support for the initiative amendment may prove a constructive way of tapping the public's dissatisfaction. So far, only Jimmy Carter and Howard Baker have brushed off Initiative America, and Jerry Brown, Ronald Reagan, Edward Kennedy, and John Connally are among those who at least have expressed interest. Kennedy, for example, has told Initiative America that he would "like to be with you on this," and Brown's *éminence grise*, Jacques Barzaghi, recently informed board member David Schmidt that Brown might campaign hard on the proposal, which he already has endorsed.

ALTHOUGH IT IS FAR from certain that the 1980s will see the adoption of the national initiative amendment, there are a couple of predictions about the coming decade we can safely make.

The first is that, with the bicentennial of the Constitution looming in 1987, we are going to be hearing more than ever about the "intentions of the framers." In the case of the national initiative amendment, those intentions should be fairly easy to ascertain. Democracy was a dirty word at the Philadelphia convention—speakers used it only to raise the specter of mob rule and demagoguery—and any proposal to allow citizens to initiate and decide laws on their own surely would have been hooted off the floor.

Should we be bound by this? No, and I don't think the Founding Fathers (Warren Harding's phrase, not theirs) would want us to be so bound, any more than they would have when we abolished the poll tax, required direct election of senators, and gave the vote to blacks and women—other pro-

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posals that were or would have been dismissed at the Constitutional Convention. The authors of the Constitution were aware that they had no monopoly on truth for the ages. Indeed, their most important intention was that the plan of government they drafted be able to adapt to changing times and new kinds of experience. That is why they defined the nature and powers of its institutions in flexible language and why they included an amendment process.

Changing conditions have already altered the nature of our political system, in ways that make the initiative now seem constitutionally appropriate. "Admittedly," argues Professor Henry Abraham of the University of Virginia, "the Founding Fathers envisaged lawmaking to be the province of the people's representatives in assembled Congress, but as our history has demonstrated, laws—or, if one prefers, policies *cum* laws—are increasingly made and applied not only by Congress but by the Chief Executive; by the host of all-but-uncontrollable civil servants in the executive agencies and bureaus; and by the judiciary. Why not permit another element of our societal structure to enter the legislative realm, namely, the people in their sovereign capacity as the ultimate repositor of power under our system, as envisaged by the letter and the spirit of the Preamble to the Constitution?"

As Abraham suggests, the theories of the framers about how their plan of government really would work out in practice were just that—theories. Seventy-five years of experience with state initiatives (Oregon held the first one in 1904) can be safely said to have demonstrated the groundlessness of their fears. Historically, only about one-fifth of the initiatives filed have gotten enough petition signatures even to reach the ballot. And only about one-third of those that have reached the ballot have been passed by voters. This is hardly the "mobocracy" the framers feared democracy would breed.

The other sure prediction that we can make about the 1980s is that the politics of direct action will become even more widespread. For not only has initiative use been increasing, but also the use of other pressure tactics that lie outside the normal processes of representative democracy—with no sign that the basic dissatisfactions with the governing class that have caused all this are abating. Demonstrations, for example, now seem as American as apple pie. In Washington alone, the National Park Service currently issues a record 750 to 1,000 demonstration permits every year, many of them to groups opposing abortion, Equal Rights Amendment proponents, tractor-driving farmers, and other activists from the middle class. Surveying a wide range of poll data, political scientists Robert Gilmour and Robert Lamb recently concluded that "Mass protest, civil disobedience, and illegal disruption are now a part of the accepted political scene."

The Seventies also saw the rise of forms of direct-action politics that Sixties activists overlooked. The most spectacular recent example is the movement for a constitutional convention to consider a balanced-budget amendment. Presently, 30 states have demanded that Congress issue such a call, only four short of the required two-thirds. So plausible has the idea become that White House adviser Patrick Caddell felt comfortable suggesting to Jimmy Carter that he call for a constitutional convention that would reconsider the whole document. (Caddell made his recommendation in the famous "crisis-of-confidence" memorandum that persuaded Carter to cancel a planned energy speech and retreat to Camp David for two weeks in July.) Carter declined the suggestion, but Jerry Brown has endorsed the effort to bring about a balanced-budget convention.

There is no telling what innovations the Eighties will bring in the way of direct-action politics—in Columbus, Ohio, people are already "participating" in televised local government meetings through their two-way cable television system. But whatever these innovations may be, they probably will make the initiative look good to its current opponents by comparison. The initiative is, after all, a technique of the ballot, not the streets or the living room. This not only makes it close kin to the standard system of representative democracy, but it also seems to strengthen that system in the long run. Thus political scientist Charles Bell recently reported that "half the high [election] turnout states use the initiative while only 14 percent of the low-turnout states use it." A Caddell poll found that 74 percent of the voters said they would be more inclined to vote in candidate elections if they also could vote on issues. And far from weakening state legislatures, initiatives seem to prod them on to better things. Eight of the 10 legislatures ranked highest by the Citizens Conference on State Legislatures are in initiative states.

The assault on the governing class of officials will continue. Whether it will come through the ballot box or some less pleasant route is up to them.

The initiative has hardly led to "mobocracy": Only a third have passed.

Michael Nelson teaches political science at Vanderbilt University and is a contributing editor of the Washington Monthly.

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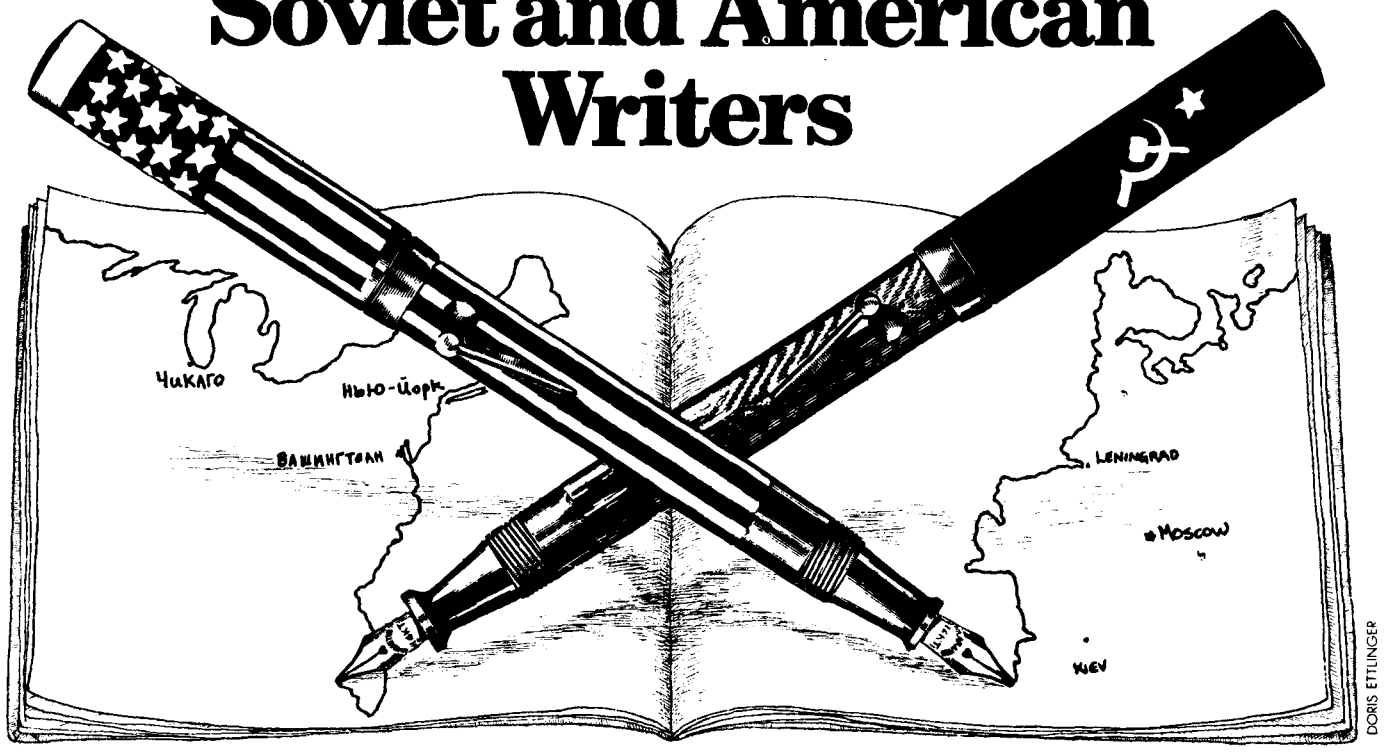
An Encounter Between Soviet and American Writers



by Norman Cousins

ALMOST THREE YEARS AGO, a representative of the U.S. Department of State asked if the *Saturday Review* would be willing to help organize a meeting between outstanding American and Soviet writers. He had come to us, he said, because of *SR*'s role in initiating the Dartmouth Conference series, which brought together prominent citizens of both countries for the purpose of examining problems in the relationship between their societies. That series was conducted under the auspices of the C.F. Kettering Foundation. He informed us that the State Department for some years had been hopeful that writers from the United States and the Soviet Union might also come together, and he was now able to report that the U.S. Embassy in Moscow had just received word that Soviet writers were prepared to go ahead with such a meeting. The *Foreign Literature* magazine and publishing house of the USSR would serve as the Soviet sponsor with the Union of Soviet Writers.

We expressed our own enthusiasm for the project. We next discussed the proposal with Robert Chollar, president of Kettering, who said that the foundation would act as the American sponsor.

This, then, was the general background for what has now become an annual conference, the first meeting having been held in 1977 in Moscow, at the headquarters of the Union of Soviet Writers; the second in 1978 at the American Institute of Arts and Letters in New York; and the third, held a few weeks ago, at Batumi, a city in Soviet Georgia on the Black Sea. The sponsorship and management for the third meeting had meanwhile largely passed from Kettering to the Kennan Institute at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington.

Most of the American authors who participated in one or more of these meetings are well known to Soviet readers: Edward Albee, Francine Gray, Elizabeth Hardwick, Robert Lowell, Stanley Kunitz, Harrison Salisbury, William Styron, John Updike, Arthur Miller, Vera Dunham, Joyce Carol Oates, William Jay Smith, and Fred Starr. The co-chairmen were Nikolai Fedorenko, former UN ambassador and editor-in-chief of *Foreign Literature,* and myself.

Considerably more tension preceded the Batumi conference than either of the previous ones. Last May, the Union of Soviet Writers suspended the Soviet authors who had participated in the publication of an anthology, *Metropole,* outside the jurisdiction of the Union of Soviet Writers and outside the copyright structure that exists between the two countries. Several Americans, including Kurt Vonnegut, William Styron, John Updike, Edward Albee, and Arthur Miller, all of whom had participated in the New York meeting, sent a letter of protest to the Union of Soviet Writers.

The situation was exacerbated when, only a few days before this year's American delegation left for Batumi, the Soviet government canceled the visa of Robert Bernstein, president of Random House. Mr. Bernstein had been active in the Helsinki Watch Committee; his company had been prominently involved in arranging for the strong participation of American book publishers in the International Book Fair in Moscow, the opening of which was scheduled for September 1. After an initial flurry, the USSR restored Mr. Bernstein's visa.

It was reported in the press, however, that Mr. Bernstein had been told by a State Department spokesman that the visa was being revalidated with the condition that he would not "abuse Soviet hospitality." This proviso was unacceptable to Mr. Bernstein. It was also reported that Toni Morrison, a Random House editor and author, and a member of the American delegation about to leave for Batumi, had decided to withdraw from the meeting in protest over the Bernstein episode.

Shortly after the American delegation arrived at Batumi, we learned that 44 of the 13,000 books sent from the United

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States to the Moscow Book Fair had been excluded by the Soviet authorities. The most prominent among them were Alexander Solzhenitsyn's *Gulag Archipelago* and David Levine's caricatures.

Such, at least, were the three main points of tension just prior to the Batumi meeting. The American delegation believed that the episodes gave additional relevance to the exchange. They welcomed the opportunity to discuss their feelings directly with Soviet writers. Provocation, retaliation, and counter-retaliation are all too common on the official level; but men and women who work with words should take full advantage of every opportunity to discuss their views. As writers, we might not be responsible for the policies of our governments, but neither are we without direct means to register our convictions.

The formal subject for discussion at Batumi was the role of the writer in an age of rapid scientific and technological progress. Both groups could readily agree that depersonalization, desensitization, and dehumanization are the conspicuous effects of burgeoning science. And they were especially troubled by the vast destructiveness of the new warfare and the danger it poses to life on this planet.

Where the Soviets and Americans differed was on the ways of meeting these threats. The Americans who spoke on the subject were sharply critical of national governments in matters of military spending and the arms race in general. By contrast, the Soviet writers tended to believe that their own government is wise and conscientious and can be trusted to protect its people in every respect. They saw no need to prod their government in any way. Stanley Kunitz, poet and poetry consultant of the Library of Congress, replied that the American people had been taught by the Founding Fathers to believe that governments by their very nature are collectors and misusers of power and therefore have to be monitored and restrained.

The Soviet writers, in turn, contended that SALT II is proof that their government is genuinely seeking to eliminate nuclear horrors. The Americans said they strongly support SALT II but think people are deceiving themselves if they believe the treaty will reduce military stockpiles by a single nuclear explosive or missile or rifle. In the end, both delegations agreed that, whatever the inadequacies of SALT II, its ratification by both countries is in their mutual interest.

The discussion of the general impact of science and technology produced some fascinating offshoots. Francine Gray, American critic and author, spoke about the effect on writers of publicity in an age of mass communication. The shattering of personal privacy, she said, is only one aspect of life in an electronic goldfish bowl. Far more insidious is the need to tailor the images of writers to the media's notions of how best to satisfy public curiosity. The TV or radio talk show, the bookstore party, the newspaper interview and profile—all these tend not just to give the public a prefabricated view of the writer but to give the writer a different view of himself.

Judging from their reactions at and away from the conference table, the Soviet writers were intrigued with this account of the public life of the American authors. Not that their own authors are totally exempt from the penalties of adulation, with or without the assistance of calculated heraldry. But the demand for books in the Soviet Union is so great, they said, that it doesn't have to be stimulated by the kind of hero-making machinery that is standard operating procedure in the United States.

If the Americans on this journey did not know it before, they learned at Batumi that the Soviet Union represents the largest single national book market in the world. Indeed, the Soviet readership is so vast that it offers many American writers a far larger audience for their works than they enjoy in their own country. The massive sales, of course, are for books translated in the dozen or more Soviet languages. But some American book publishers are now convinced that, even if American books were offered untranslated to Soviet readers, they would still outsell the same titles in the United States. The rapid growth of the English language in the Soviet Union indicates that the sale of untranslated American books might well become a billion-dollar business.

The Soviet readership is so vast that it offers many American writers a far larger audience than they enjoy in the United States.

Nikolai Fedorenko, chairman of the Soviet writers' delegation, provided some striking figures on the sale of American books in translation. Just in recent years, he said, 21,500,000 copies of books by American authors have been sold to Soviet readers. Among contemporary writers, the largest sales belong to William Saroyan (1,449,000 copies in six languages); Erskine Caldwell (1,448,000 in seven languages); John Updike (710,000 copies in five languages); John Cheever (701,000 copies in five languages); J.D. Salinger (657,000 copies in five languages); Isaac Asimov (700,000 copies in five languages); Kurt Vonnegut (433,000 copies).

Among noncontemporary writers, Jack London leads the all-time list (37 million copies in 37 languages), followed by Mark Twain (22 million copies in 28 languages) and O. Henry (6,500,000 copies in 12 languages).

The extensive readership enjoyed by American authors within the USSR was cited by the Soviet writers at Batumi to emphasize the comparative paucity of books by Soviet authors in the United States. This issue is not new. As long ago as 1959, when I first visited the Soviet Union and raised the question of copyright and royalties for American authors before the Union of Soviet Writers, the Russians objected, contending that some degree of parity would have to serve as the basis for a working publishing relationship between the two countries. The Soviet writers at that time asserted that American book publishers were interested only in those Soviet manuscripts that had to be smuggled out of the country.

One useful development of these three meetings of writers, especially the one at Batumi, is that they have enabled the Americans to become acquainted with Soviet writers of genuine talent who can in no way be regarded as political rubber stamps. We learned it is a serious error to divide all Soviet writers into dissidents and anti-dissidents. There are gradations to be observed, qualifications to be made, and much that has to be read between the lines. As a result, the American writers have called to the attention of their own publishers a number of Soviet books of substantial literary merit. In the past two years, perhaps two dozen such books have appeared on American publishers' lists, and there is the prospect just ahead of many more.

These and other auspicious developments were reported at Batumi by Fred Starr. He pointed to the growth of Slavic studies at American universities as a significant way of building a reading audience. He also felt that more could be done by American literary journals in carrying the word about Soviet writers. He said it would be useful to build up a corps of Americans professionally interested in translating Russian works; he proposed that individuals be sent to the Soviet Union for this purpose.

Admittedly, these and other suggestions made by the American writers at Batumi could not by themselves be expected to produce parity between the two countries in their literary trade. But we could at least emphasize that American publishers are prepared to consider Soviet manuscripts of literary worth

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even if they are not written by authors who are out of favor in the USSR. Many of the Soviet novels are cast in the traditional Russian mold. What is most striking about them are the classical Russian characteristics—the unhurried pace and subtle descriptions, the contrasting lifestyles between city and country; the struggles between good and evil that take place not so much between people as within them; the quiet drama of everyday life. These were the distinguishing features of the traditional Russian novel, and they once again serve as the model for many contemporary Soviet writers. Routinized glorification of Soviet society has gone out of style. Soviet readers by now are too sophisticated to accept the roseate view. The result is that naturalism and humanism appear to be overtaking the conventional Socialist themes.

An interesting reflection of this development was the discussion at Batumi of the place of spiritual values in the postindustrial society. Felix Kuznetsov, executive secretary of the Soviet Union of Writers, referred several times to the need in the contemporary world for a fuller manifestation of spiritual forces. As he spoke, it seemed apparent to us that his use of the term *spiritual values* tended to emphasize nonpolitical and noneconomic factors such as culture, morality, and humanism while bypassing, or at least remaining silent about, the religious content generally implied when the term is used in the United States. He deplored the current tendency to evaluate societies mainly according to their destructive capability rather than according to their moral character. He then quoted an article by Anthony Burgess in *Saturday Review* that detailed aspects of brutality and casual violence in American life. Mr. Kuznetsov said that such manifestations are less attributable to science and technology than to a social philosophy keyed to profit-making.

This reference was the first sign of any ideological confrontation at our meeting and a reply from the American side was not long in forthcoming. Francine Gray said she welcomed the opportunity to discuss the place of spiritual values in the lives of both societies. Indeed, she thought our next meeting ought to be devoted entirely to that topic. Moreover, she felt Mr. Kuznetsov would welcome some reassurances about the social values of American society. She hoped he would agree that a spiritual person could be defined as someone who can think beyond his needs and who is capable of self-sacrifice. (There were echoes in her definition of Tolstoy's remark that man's unhappiness is the result not of his needs but of his abundance.) Mrs. Gray suggested that Mr. Kuznetsov's reference to Anthony Burgess's article might be augmented by the fact that three of the most admired names in America, especially among youth, were those of Christ, Socrates, and Thoreau. All three, she said, had arrived at the realization that nay-saying to the state is the duty at times of those who are privileged to work with words. The state that resists, retards, or prohibits this process, she said, deprives itself of a vital resource.

Stanley Kunitz enlarged on this theme when he commented that saying "no" to the state is often the highest manifestation of good citizenship. Being supremely sensitive to human needs, the poet is constantly aware of the encroachments of the state.

The presence of poets was a significant feature of the Batumi meeting. On the American side were Stanley Kunitz and William Jay Smith. On the Soviet side were David Kugultinov, Josif Non-

DORIS ETTLINGER

eshvili, Vitaly Korotich, Vladimir Soloukhin, Grigol Abashidze, Nodar Dumbadze, and Alexandre Mezhirov. Bartlett would have had an embarrassment of riches if he had been looking for quotable observations about poetry and the poet. Some examples:

Mezhirov: "Poetry is the way the world overcomes its disharmony and dissolves its contempt."

Smith: "The poet, like the soldier, develops a tough skin, accepting a hard life and, at times, the scorn of a society that must in the end turn to him for its defense. Society ultimately rewards the poet for his magic gift—the ability to transform the lost battles and agonies of life into enduring triumphs."

Daniel Granin, Soviet essayist: "Poetry protects the environment of the soul. It prevents the erosion of the emotions. Poetry will be supreme again."

Stanley Kunitz: "Revolutionaries want to change others. Poets want to change themselves.... In a world of institutions, the poet is uniquely equipped to defend the dignity of the person.... In the exercise of his art, the poet is a whole person or he is nothing."

Vera Dunham, an American specialist in Slavic studies and translator of Russian poetry, observed that all writers like to think that their purpose is to deal with truth; yet she wondered how much agreement there would be at Batumi on the question, "What is truth in literature?" Some responses:

Grigory Baklanov, Soviet novelist: "Truth in literature begins the moment the writer does not lie to himself."

Soloukhin: "Sometimes Soviet readers complain that they do not receive the truth from Soviet writers. The truth is that they should."

Kugultinov: "Whatever our failures as writers, the truth is that our readers are neither cunning nor grasping nor stupid."

Smith: "The problem is not in our perception of the truth or in our willingness to tell the truth, but in how to tell it. Emily Dickinson said, 'Tell the truth but tell it slant.' Each person must have his own angle of vision, his own perspective."

N.C.: "What is most important about truth is not the definition of truth but the conscious pursuit of it."

One of the highlights of the Batumi meeting was the tribute by Harrison Salisbury to the late Konstantin Simonov, well known to American readers for his *Days and Nights* and other novels about the grim but heroic experiences on the Russian front in World War II. The extent to which the Russian soul is still shaped and scarred by Russia's human losses in the war was clearly evident in the expressions on the faces of the Soviet writers as they listened to Salisbury speak of the heroic materials that went into the making of Simonov's works.

I have no way of knowing whether my own impressions of the meeting correspond to any extent with those of my colleagues. What struck me most about the discussions was that the Russians seemed far more conservative than the Americans—philosophically and politically. They seemed far more disposed than we were to let history take its course; far more confident that governments are qualified to serve as custodians of the human future; far less eager, seemingly, to undertake fundamental efforts in the organization of the peace and in redefining the responsibilities of nations.

So far as the novel is concerned, Soviet writers continue to be much more traditional than their American colleagues. They are less anti-experimental than they used to be, but they are still skeptical, generally speaking, of drastic departures from established literary forms. They continue to be highly restrained in their literary approach to sexual relations. They abhor explicit descriptions of sex acts. They condemn what they regard as exploitative violence and brutality in American culture. Some of

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them are still incredulous about the remark of John Updike, at the previous meeting, that the novel would probably not exist without adultery. While the American writers at Batumi might have been critical of the preoccupation with violence and casual attitudes about sex in contemporary American literature, they emphatically rejected the notion that the remedy would be any form of government regulation.

On the whole, we sensed a more relaxed atmosphere at Batumi than was apparent at either of the two previous meetings. The Soviet writers were talking about themes for their new novels that seemed to be less orthodox and less keyed to a conventional acceptance of the existing order. Even the *Metropole* anthology episode seems to be resulting in a net gain for those Soviet writers who are determined to push back any controlling mechanism. What appeared at first to be stern punishment for the writers involved has been reduced to what is largely moral chastisement. It developed, too, that the American publisher of *Metropole* actually had an opportunity to publish the anthology with the approval of the Soviet copyright authority but proceeded on his own, making the project seem more of an outlaw venture than it actually was.

In the end, of course, literary relations between the two countries are tied to the political realities. True, meetings of writers can help improve the general atmosphere. And a fuller flow of books is an effective means for correcting misunderstanding between the societies. But external events are critical. Each country possesses unlimited destructive power that can be activated with the touch of a finger. This fact is at once the greatest source of tension and the greatest incentive for controlling that power. It is easy to understand, therefore, why leading writers from both countries should have such an interest in the ratification of SALT II and in the even larger need confronting their societies to lead the way toward the making of a durable peace.

The Batumi meeting ended with a consensus that, like the previous meetings, it had served a stimulating and useful purpose and that the literary dialogue ought to be broadened. In this connection, one or more workshops are planned for young American and Soviet poets. Some of the members of both delegations, acting not as conference participants but as individual writers, decided to draft "A Declaration of Conscience," which calls on all governments to show greater respect for the fragility of human existence on earth and for the need to upgrade the conditions of life within their societies. They intend to circulate the declaration for additional signatures before it is publicly released. ●

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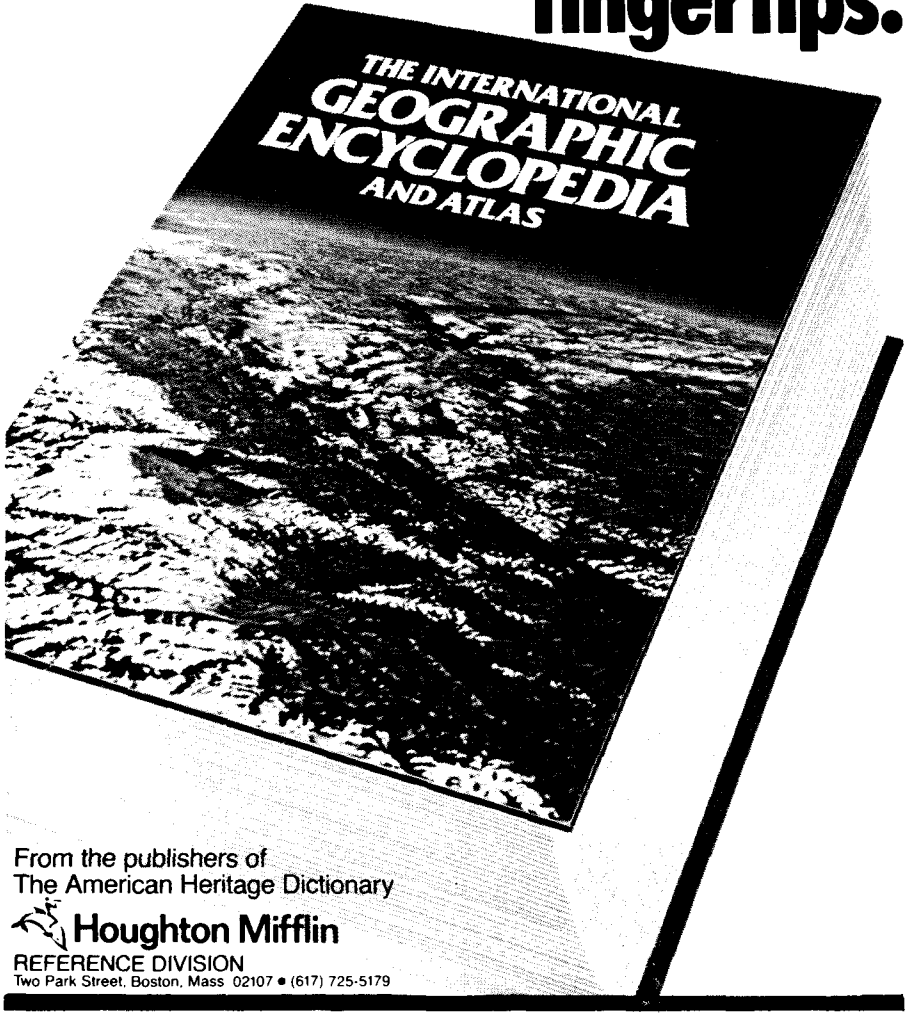

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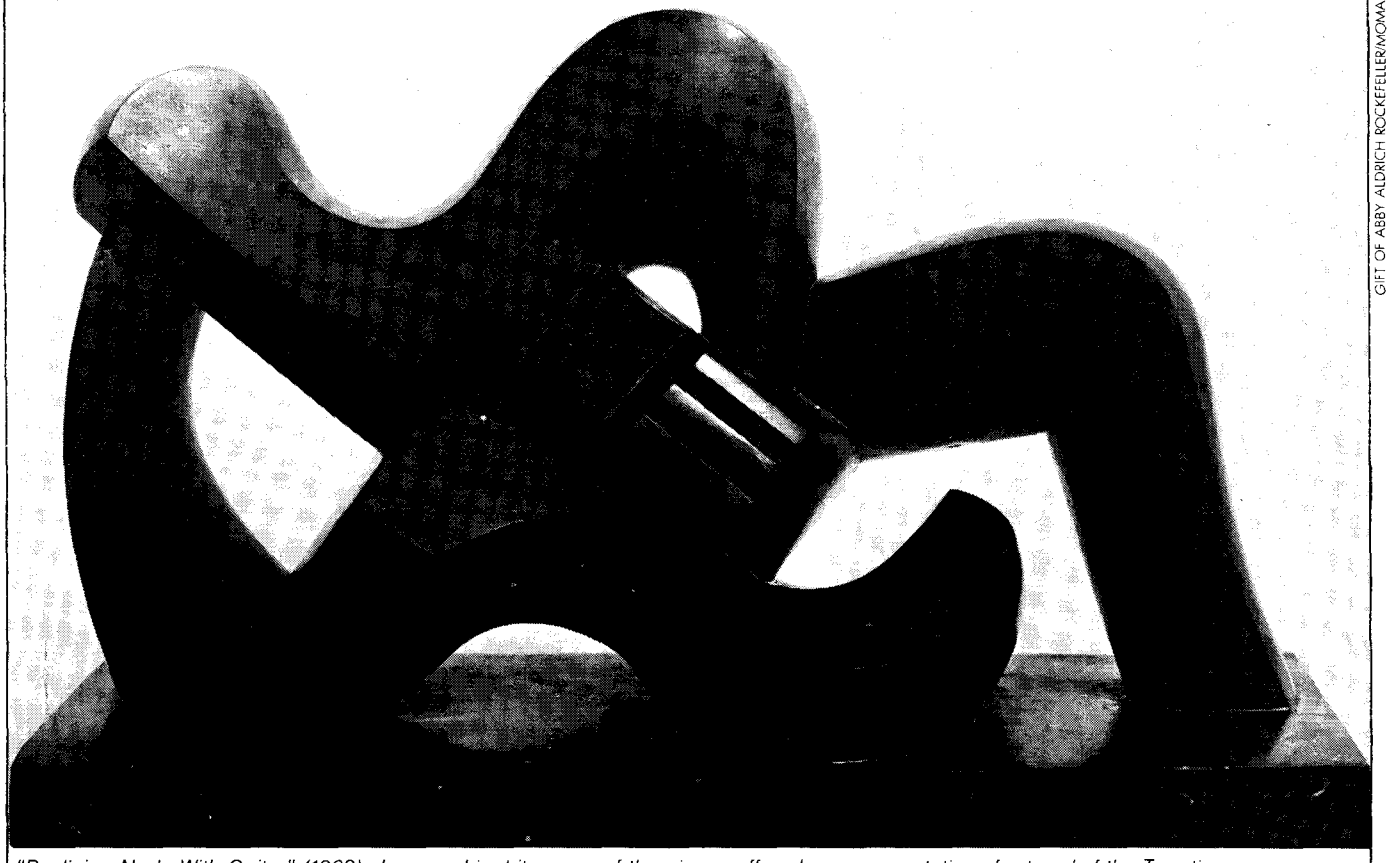
LOOKOUTS



GIFT OF ABBY ALDRICH ROCKEFELLER/MOMA

"Reclining Nude With Guitar" (1928), Jacques Lipchitz—one of the pieces offered as representative of a trend of the Twenties.

No Flappers, No Flivvers, No Flagpole Sitters

In the Museum of Modern Art's new retrospective, *Art of the Twenties* (November 17 to January 22), the Twenties do not roar at all, nor does the era belong to the Lost Generation, jazz babies, and bathtub gin. Contemplating the century's most glamorous decade, New York's MOMA brushes aside the usual overworked definitions, and reaches out expansively to embrace isolated geniuses and such varied, profoundly influential schools as Purism, Constructivism, De Stijl, and Bauhaus. The works are organized thematically, rather than by medium, and grouped under such titles as "The City," "A Modern Style," and "The World Transformed." Several sculptors—among them Brancusi, Calder, and Lipchitz—are celebrated; the works of American painters and printmakers are used as a gloss on our country's mood during the Twenties; the films of Eisenstein, Griffith, and others are unequivocally baptized as serious art.

Discriminating museum-goers may find that the diversity of themes results in the absence of a tight focus for the show, but presumably its dazzling beauty will redeem its awkward, ungainly form

Bluebloods at the Typewriter

The aristocratic Longford/Pakenham clan, the first family of British letters, had scarcely sat down to breakfast in their stately home when a quarrel broke out between Lady Antonia Fraser and her brother Thomas Pakenham over who was to write the life of Charles II. Lady Elizabeth Longford, matriarch of the household, temporarily abandoned her crumpets and marmalade to settle the issue in favor of her first-born, Antonia. Pakenham, no doubt grumbling over the injustices of primogeniture, had to console himself with a history of the Boer War. Coincidentally, the two books—*Royal Charles* (Knopf) and *The Boer War* (Random House)—are out this month and are both crushingly definitive, leaving no footnote unturned.

Two other books this season will also bear the Longford coat of arms. In December, Lady Elizabeth herself will bring out *Louisa, Lady in Waiting* (Mayflower), in which she has gracefully edited the diaries of a countess who waited attendance on Queen Victoria. The following month Rachel Billington, Lady Antonia's younger sister, will publish *A Woman's Age* (Summit), a four-generation saga of an eccentric British family which must be more than a little autobiographical.

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In the Groove

If popular music of the last 15 years has had any unifying characteristic, it is uncontainable diversity.

The Clash—Exhilarating.

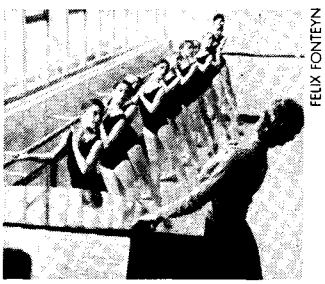
Amid the buffet of current alternatives, *The Clash* (Epic), by the British group of the same name, is especially exhilarating. It is an ambitious album, filled with authentic passion and musical intelligence, in which punk rock finally outgrows facile, adolescent posturing. Far from the artistic vanguard, but pioneers in establishing complete artistic control of their work, are Ashford and Simpson. Their latest record, *Stay Free* (Warner Bros.), is an agreeably hedonistic batch of black disco tunes that the phenomenally successful team have both written and produced themselves.

But of course neither of these albums can hope to follow the same confetti-strewn path into the record stores as Bob Dylan's powerful new release, *Slow Train Coming* (Columbia). Dylan has emerged from his much-publicized immersion in the Bible with a number of "born again" songs that would gladden President Carter's heart. Like so many white song writers, Dylan borrows extensively from the black musical heritage, but here the thumping revival-meeting numbers are refracted through the distinctive folk/rock/country amalgam that Dylan is famous for.

Born-again, back-again Dylan

Dance Between Covers

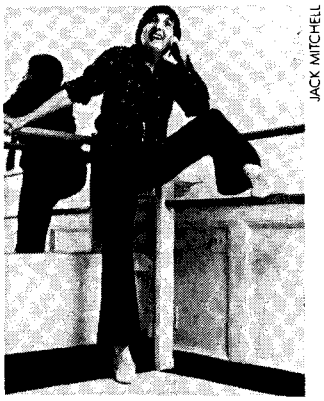
A Dancer's World: An Introduction for Parents and Students, by Margot Fonteyn (Knopf), Britain's beloved prima ballerina, is a treasure. In this most practical, informative, and engagingly written handbook, Dame Margot mates a radiant love for dance and dancers—"the world of dance is a charmed place"—with a matter-of-fact succinctness. After reminding the parent that "talent ... cannot be manufactured," she goes on to describe how to select a good teacher, the structure of a class (ballet, modern dance, ethnic), the age for a girl to begin "pointe." A winner.



FELIX FONTEYN

Fonteyn offers practical advice to parents of young hopefuls.

In *Page by Page* (Dance Horizons), Ruth Page—dancer, choreographer, director, and most definitely innovator—provides us with a delightful personal panorama of 65 years of associations with everyone from the 20-year-old Balanchine (she paid him $50 a piece to create dances for her) through Pavlova ("the first time I ever saw [her she] was in her dressing room, stark naked and picking her teeth") to Nureyev (whom she presented in his U.S. debut). In her long career she introduced Gershwin's music to Russia, danced for Emperor Hirohito's coronation, performed in Broadway shows, headed her own company, and did all this because "Indianapolis was dull, my friends were conventional, everything around me so commonplace that at an early age I felt the need to soar...."



JACK MITCHELL

Page, who felt the need to soar.

NBC's Hot Lunch Program

Although most of us think of Saturday morning television as the exclusive property of children, actually 40 percent of the viewers are adults. It is this group that NBC hopes to lure, in addition to the legions of young people, with its off-beat new show, *Hot Hero Sandwich*, to premier this month. Far from being edible, the show's "heroes" are celebrities like Henry Fonda, Olivia Newton-John, Kurt Vonnegut, and Bruce Jenner, who have submitted to probing interviews by Harvard psychologist Thomas Cottle about characteristic traumas and obsessions of early adolescence. The surprisingly simple, unaffected reminiscences of these famous people supply the inspiration for a company of teenage performers whose acts are adroitly integrated into the interviews.

The recipe for *Hot Hero* was developed by the ebullient husband-and-wife team Bruce and Carole Hart, the original writers of *Sesame Street*. Like its illustrious predecessor, *Hot Hero* spikes its didacticism with plenty of sophisticated entertainment, perhaps enough to draw the regulars away from competition like *Jason of Star Command*.

NBC

Hot Hero's cast; Olivia Newton-John and Thomas Cottle (inset)

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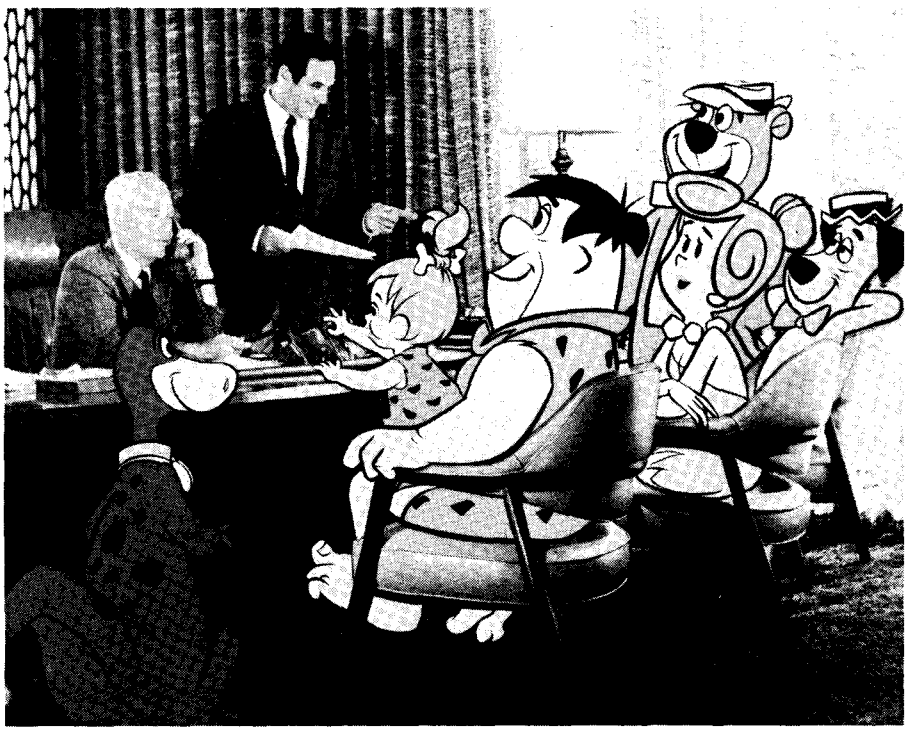
HANNA-BARBERA

The Cartoonists Who Own Saturday Morning

by John Mariani



Hanna, Barbera, and friends—Dino, the Flintstones, Yogi Bear, Huckleberry Hound.

ONE HOUR out of every 24, a Hanna-Barbera cartoon entertains some segment of the world's population, capturing an international audience Walt Disney never even dreamed of. Yogi Bear, Fred Flintstone, Huckleberry Hound, and Scooby-Doo are embraced by 500 million people in 80 countries. Hanna-Barbera's parent company, Taft Broadcasting Company, manages the largest merchandising operation of its kind in the world, with more than 1,500 licensed manufacturers turning out some 4,500 different products based on Hanna-Barbera characters, including everything from Fred Flintstone window shades to Banana Splits bubble bath.

Were you to turn on the tube on a Saturday morning this winter, you would be hard put to escape the "Funtastic World of Hanna-Barbera," created by the studio that this season has sold the networks seven hours of children's programming over a four-and-a-half-hour schedule. Hanna-Barbera cartoons run the gamut of children's fare, from lovable-dopey animal characters like Scooby-Doo and his "rascal side-kick" Scrappy-Doo to classic epic heroes like Superman and Wonder Woman. There are black characters (the Super Globetrotters), and monster characters (Godzilla), and supernatural characters aided by liberated females (Casper and the Angels). Most of these shows are interrupted by drop-in safety tips and educational admonishments, and for those children who are too dumb to know when to respond to a joke, there are laugh tracks. The CBS network bought Hanna-Barbera's *The Popeye Hour*, while ABC has *The World's Greatest Superfriends* and *Scooby and Scrappy Doo*. NBC is filling out its entire 7:30 to noon slot with Hanna-Barberisms: *Casper and the Angels, Fred and Barney Meet the Thing, The Super Globetrotters, The New Shmoo, Godzilla, Johnny Quest*, and *The Jetsons*.

Every Saturday, Bill Hanna and Joe Barbera babysit for an audience of 25 million American children, a situation some would call a stranglehold. As babysitters Hanna and Barbera would claim a benign influence on the children who sit mesmerized by their cartoons from dawn to noon, but the total command Hanna-Barbera has over the networks at those impressionable hours troubles the people who see themselves as guardians of the children during that four-and-a-half-hour period. Peggy Charren, president of Action for Children's Television (ACT), argues, "Our organization has always been against censorship of any kind and for all kinds of diversity in children's programming. But if you want diversity you don't hire Hanna-Barbera to produce 77 percent of your children's schedule, as NBC has done. The networks have all that money and they could be making the finest children's programs in the world, yet they come up with a schedule that in its entirety—not in any individual show—is an insult to children."

Joe Barbera, who is generally credited with being the creative member of the Hanna-Barbera team, responds to such citizens' group criticism by saying, "The networks themselves have killed all the creativity in Saturday morning animation. They won't make a decision on the fall schedule until late in the spring, and then they send down directives that force us to alter the characters we've created, even down to their voices. Bill Hanna and I were the first to do Tom and Jerry back at MGM in the Forties—we won seven Academy Awards for those cartoons. Now we're told those Tom and Jerry shorts are too violent, even though in syndication on local channels they've scored very high ratings. We can't do slapstick anymore. Every year the network tells us what we can and can't do. This year Popeye can't hit Bluto with his fist. Characters may not use guns, but they may use lasers. It's crazy—you simply can't plan a character that way. We

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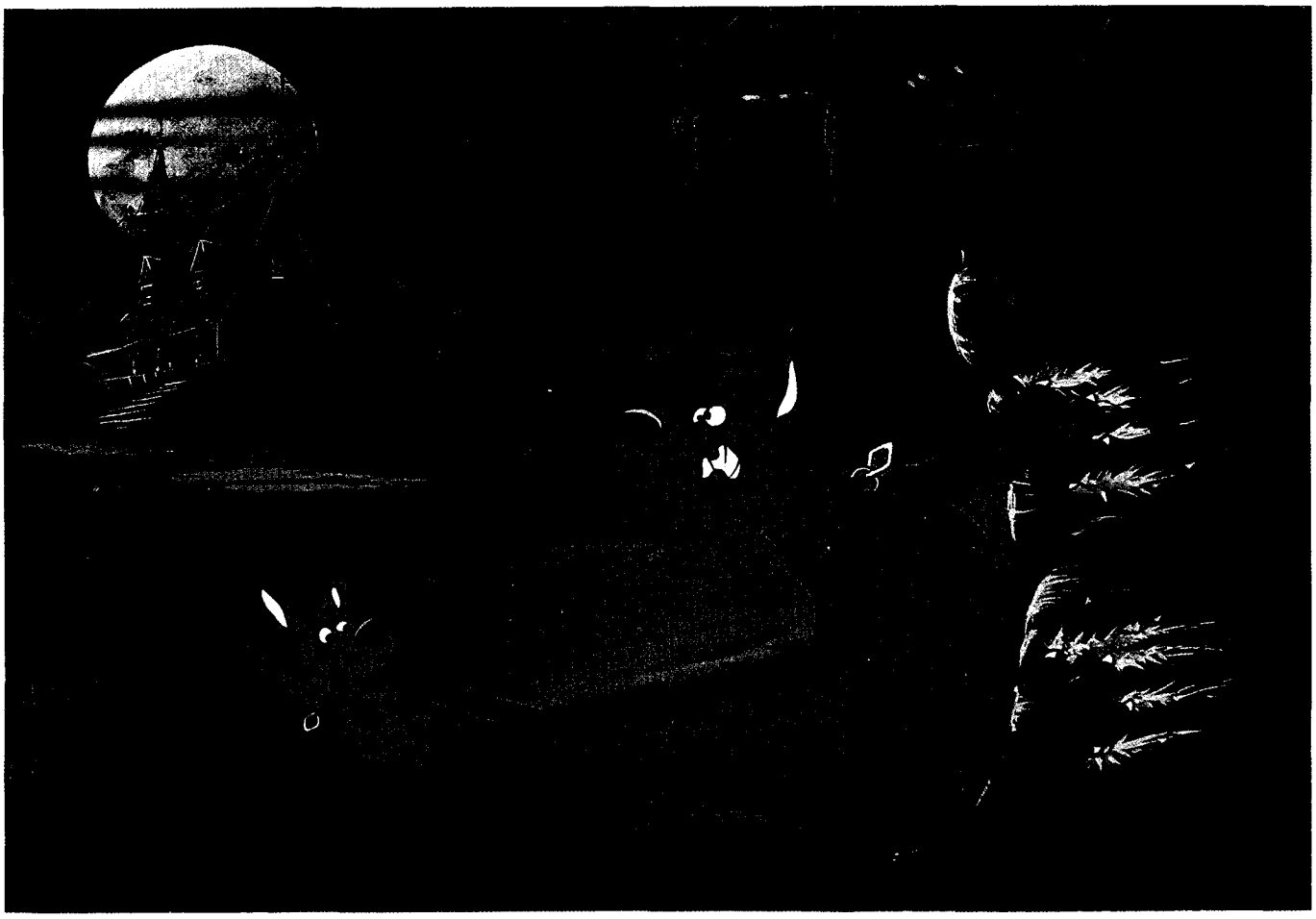


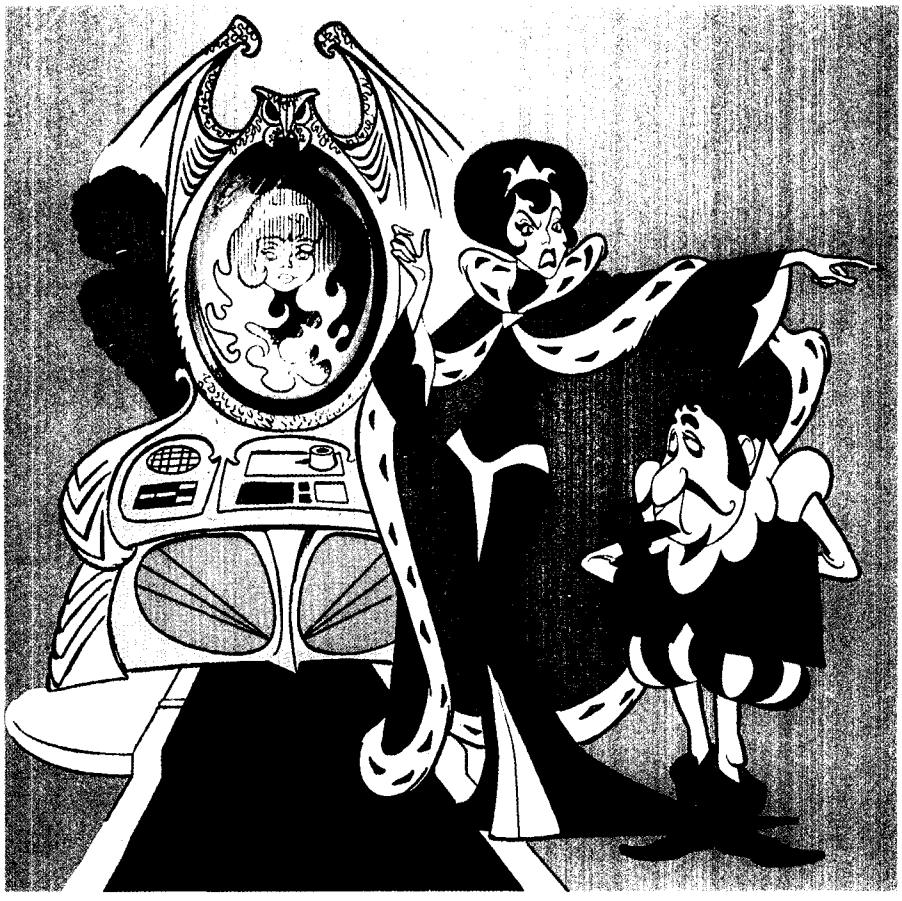
ALL CHARACTERS © HANNA-BARBERA

Two other good ideas of Hanna and Barbera—Scooby-Doo and Scrappy-Doo (in an upcoming program).

haven't had real violence in our cartoons for a decade, but the networks still find something to complain about."

ACT's Peggy Charren shakes her head at such statements: "For Joe Barbera—whom I know very well—to say he's not allowed to be creative anymore just because he can't show killings is a cop-out of the first order. We've never asked the networks or Joe to cut out violence in cartoons. All great fairy tales have violence in them. But when I turn on the first episode of *Jabberjaw* [a 1976 Hanna-Barbera series about a talking great white shark that walks on its tail] and see an Oriental villain drawn like a Fu Manchu stereotype right out of my own childhood, well, I wonder if that's what Joe is trying to justify as creativity."

The networks' defensiveness about Saturday morning cartoon shows borders on paranoia, and they bristle at the charge that the shows are not diverse or that they stifle creativity. NBC's Vice-President of Children's Programs, Mary Alice Dwyer, insists that the cartoon characters do in fact differ from one another and that NBC does other kinds of children's programs at other hours. "We find we can better capture children's attention with live-action characters at other times in the schedule, and we do drop *Ask NBC News* into the cartoon



The Globetrotters eavesdropping on Snow White's folks (in an upcoming program).

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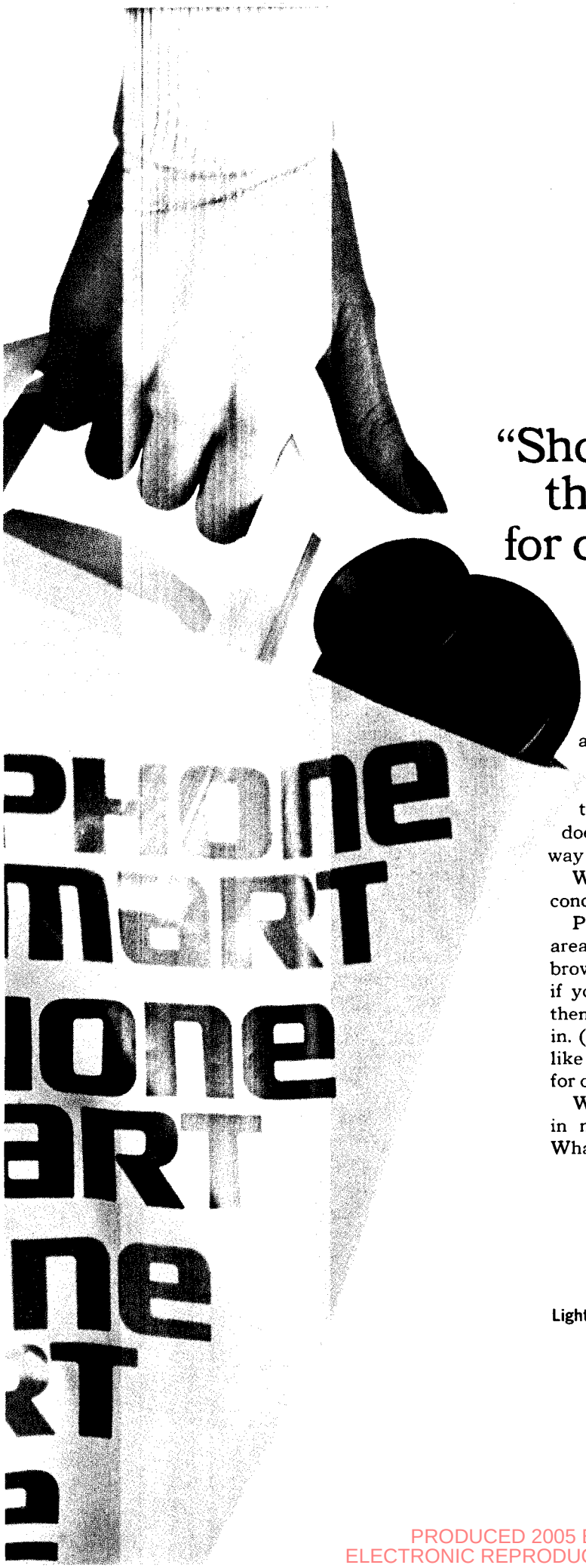

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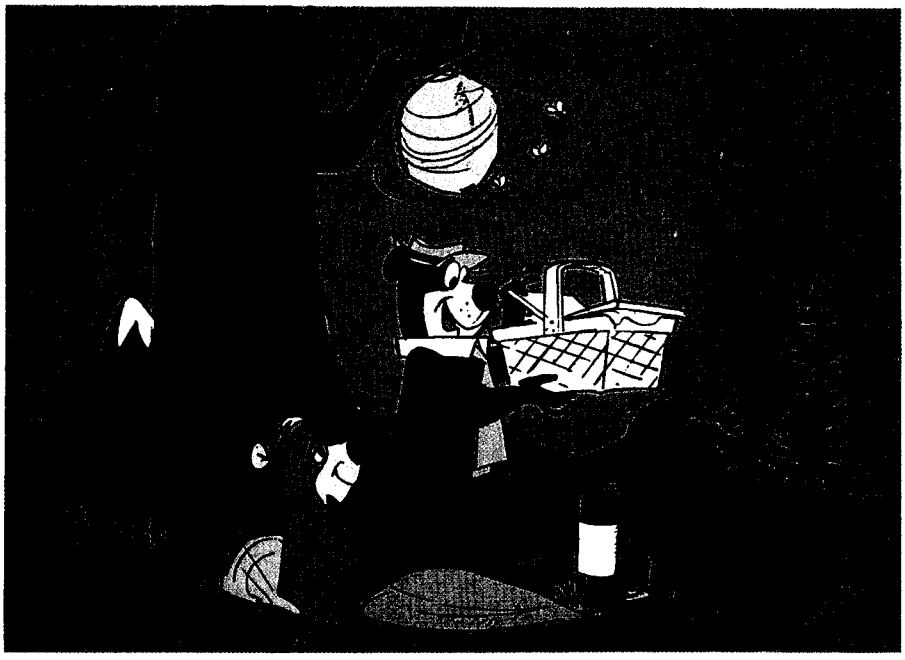
shows." Miss Dwyer explains that the network has a "panel of social scientists" who advise producers how to make animated shows more educational. After Hanna-Barbera made the Harlem Globetrotters into super-heroes with individual powers in their *Super Globetrotters* show, the panel suggested that stories be developed in which the Globetrotters "help each other to solve problems," a swell lesson for the children to pick up between the superantics. "So, rather than putting a lid on creativity," says Dwyer, "we are really asking Hanna-Barbera to perform the difficult task of coming up with more interesting characters and story lines instead of just going with the first thought that comes to mind."



Boo-Boo and Yogi—You know where that beehive's going to end up.

ABC's Vice-President of Children's and Early Morning Programming, Squire Rushnell, sides with Joe Barbera, but he puts the blame on his own network's Broadcasting Standards and Practices Department for what he calls a "sanitizing" of Saturday morning cartoons. "I'm continually fighting alongside Joe Barbera on this issue," says Rushnell. "Organizations like ACT and the PTA caused an awakening at the networks some years back, and they've made a positive contribution. We had been inattentive. Recently we turned down the *Road Runner* series [produced by DePatie/Freleng Enterprises] because the main characters are always trying to kill each other. Nevertheless, I think we've gone too far if we begin to question whether Scooby-Doo getting hit by a wave at the beach is an act of violence. TV doesn't turn out criminals. But if you take a rotten kid and put him in front of a rotten TV show, maybe he'll be more rotten."

The storm over the effects of TV violence on children has raged for more than a decade ("Ever since Bobby Kennedy was shot," says Barbera), but none of the numerous studies on the subject has come up with anything approaching hard evidence against it, especially with regard to animated cartoons.

This past spring the University of Pennsylvania's Annenberg School of Communications released its annual Violence Profile of trends in network television from 1967 to 1978. The study contended that violence on television during weekend children's programming was way up in 1978. But the statistical tally of violent acts made no distinction between Fred Flintstone tripping over a dinosaur bone and Superman blowing up an alien spaceship. (The study argued that accidents in scripts "victimize characters who fall prey to them, and the message of victimization is one significant aspect of exposure to violence.")

Such arguments make Joe Barbera do a double take followed by a slow burn of the type that has made Popeye so often turn to spinach.

Barbera is one of the cuddlier studio tycoons you'll ever meet. He is a big man, though not tall, given to white shoes, shiny shirts open at the neck, and dark glasses—which he wears even in dark Italian restaurants of the kind he frequents near the two-and-a-half-acre Hanna-Barbera studios in North Hollywood, where I met with him recently to discuss the past, present, and future of Saturday morning TV.

"Y'know, Frank Sinatra comes to this restaurant," he said. "Try the veal something-or-other with the artichokes on top. The chef'll make it special for me. It isn't on the menu."

Joe Barbera has lost most of his original New York accent. Second-generation Italian, he grew up in New York, attended New York University and took some banking courses, worked for the Irving Trust Company, and, in his free hours, hawked cartoons to magazines. After a modest success selling cartoons to *Collier's* and other journals, he sent off a batch to Walt Disney and requested a job. That was in the Thirties, when animation at the Disney Studios was burgeoning into a remarkable art form at a thousand drawings per minute. Disney's hallmarks were perfection and experimentation. The studio drew the finest talent and most dedicated animators in the world and plowed its profits back into new animation techniques. Joe Barbera never even got an interview, but found work at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, where he met Bill Hanna, an engineer from New Mexico, in 1937. At MGM the two animators developed the *Tom and Jerry* cartoon series that usually played with the studio's double-feature programs at a time when the big studios owned the theaters.

The Tom and Jerry cartoons were based on the theme of cat meets mouse, cat chases mouse, cat gets blown to smithereens. But the animation was excellent, the characters were well delineated, and the slapstick was inventive, if sometimes a bit grizzly, as when the cat was sliced into salami sections after hitting a wire fence. No matter. He was back together in the next scene, ready to be hit by a truck.

In the early 1950s the studio system broke down, and the antitrust laws dissolved their hold on distribution and theaters. Short animated cartoons were among the first casualties. Only Disney continued to make animated shorts throughout the Fifties. Hanna and Barbera were let go by MGM, with no financial claim on Tom and Jerry.

Meanwhile, Disney was moving into television—producing the Disneyland series of live shows, including *Davy Crockett*, as well as animated speculations on the future of space travel, and *The Mickey Mouse Club*—and was continuing to make feature-length cartoons like *Lady and the Tramp* and *Sleeping Beauty*. But, Hanna and Barbera realized, Disney had not conceived of an animated TV series specifically tailored to the economy and pressures of getting a show on the air weekly. (Disney's own TV shows were either live-action or reruns of old animated shows.)

Using the newly developed technique of "limited animation"—(invented by United Productions of America, a cartoon factory) in which only certain simplified movements are animated, thereby giving the characters a more stilted, less lifelike action—Hanna and

(continued on page 45)

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A report from The Edison Electric Institute

SYMPOSIUM

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SCIENCE, TECHNOLOGY AND THE HUMAN PROSPECT

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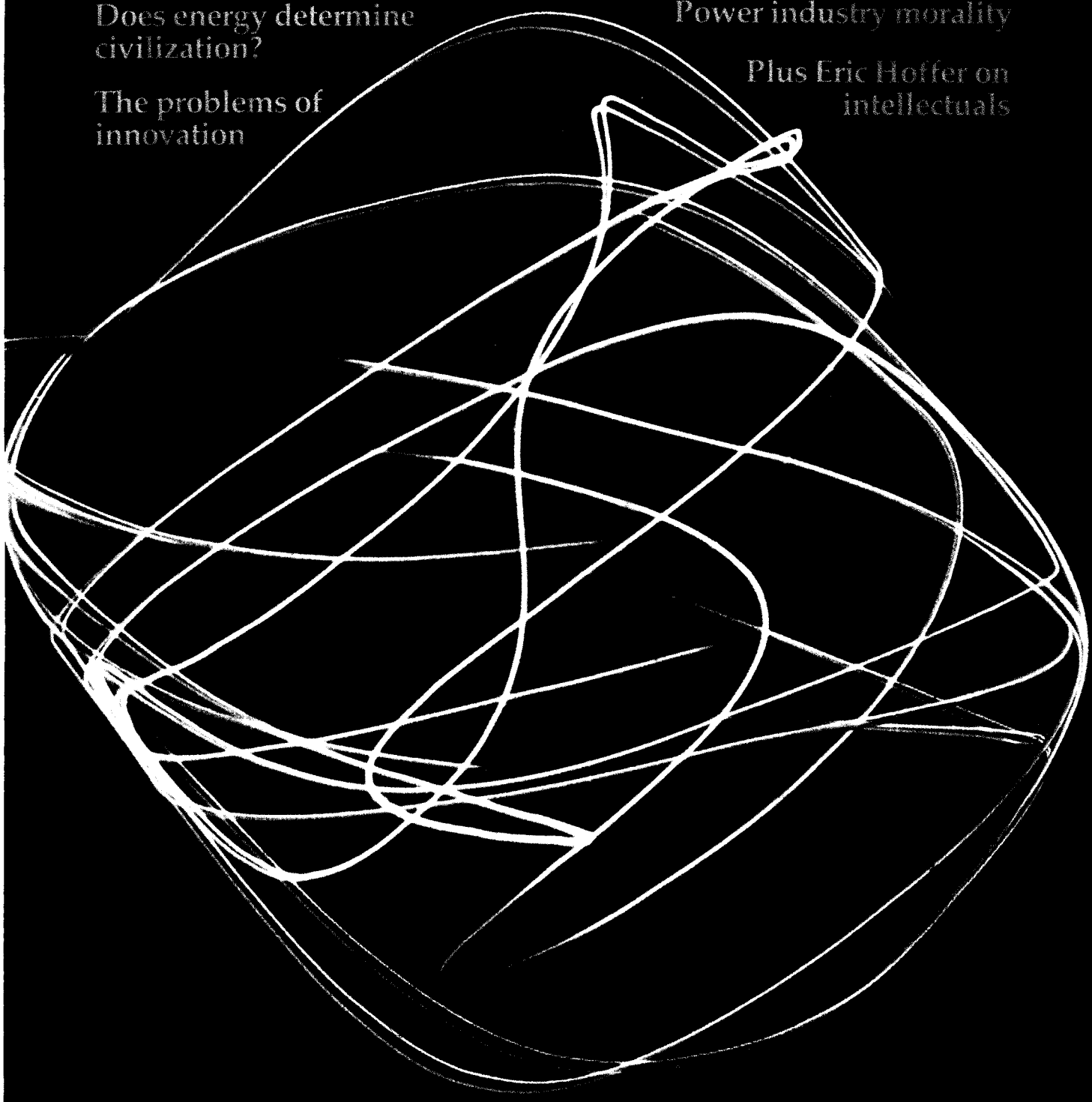

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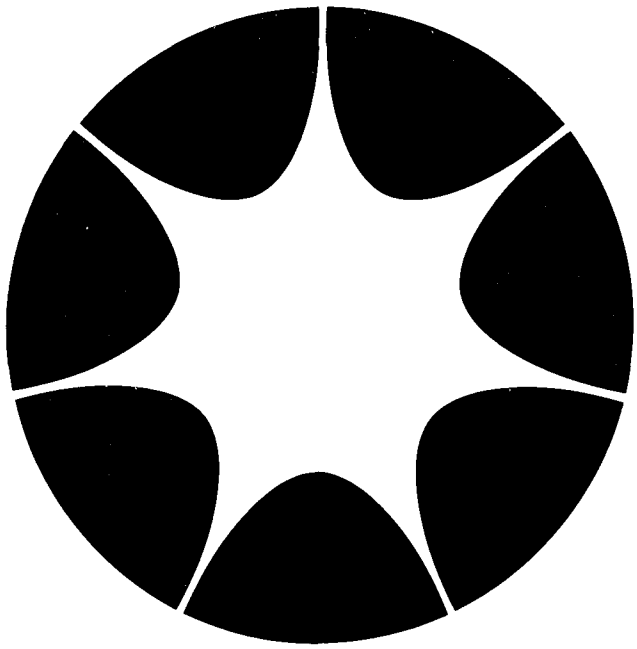
THE GROWTH OF LIMITS

by Chauncey Starr



NOTE: As one of the official events of the Edison Centennial commemorating the 100th anniversary of the electric light bulb, the Electric Power Research Institute and the Thomas Alva Edison Foundation were cohosts of an international Symposium on Science, Technology and the Human Prospect, held in San Francisco in April, 1979.

Some 45 distinguished, international scholars, scientists, governmental officials and businessmen delivered papers during the three-day Symposium. The Edison Electric Institute is making a cross-section of the views expressed by the participants available in this form because it is dedicated to offering concerned citizens impartial information on the various issues affecting the nation's electricity needs, usage and delivery systems.

The articles in this insert, severely edited to meet space limitations with the authors' kind permission, can only begin to suggest the diversity of subject matter and range of opinion presented at the Symposium. Readers interested in obtaining the complete text of the Symposium proceedings should contact Pergamon Press, Fairview Park, Elmsford, N.Y. 10523. In addition, a 45-minute videotaped documentary of the Symposium has been produced. For information on its availability, contact the Electric Power Research Institute, 3412 Hillview Avenue, Post Office Box 10412, Palo Alto, Calif. 94303.

Symposium is edited by Rees Behrendt and designed by George Kurten.

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We now live within a framework shaped by complex technology, and we can't help but be concerned about how that technology will affect our future.

I believe history supports this assertion: science and technology have continually relieved the limitations on man's ability to live in the circumstances provided by nature, and they continue to do so.

Science and technology have permitted enormous growth in the world population by improving man's ability to increase food production; to accommodate to harsh climates; to provide transportation and communication for the world's goods, services and ideas; to increase available resources and use them more effectively; and to live longer in better health.

Thus, science and technology historically have opened new frontiers for mankind, not only permitting but also stimulating the "growth of limits." I do not accept the premise that constraints on such growth are in view or that our long-range planning should be determined by today's perceptions of existing limits. I believe that a long future of expanding expectations continues to be an available option if we take advantage of the fact that technology is an unlimited resource of the human mind.

The real question we face is: do we want to accept the idea of limits as a guide to human expectations and societal planning, or do we want to keep alive the idea of expanding expectations and new horizons? If we choose expansion, we need more science and technology applied to a spectrum of uses and to the problems of dealing with the undesirable side effects of growth.

The recently popular "limits to growth" theme was based on the assumption that natural resources and ecology impose a near-term limit on our ability to continue to derive materials from the earth and to handle safely residuals of growing industrial processes. For proponents of this theme, the obvious course would be to limit the personal economic expectations of those now alive and to limit sharply the growth in the world's population. This is a seductive dogma, because if it were socially and politically feasible to accept such limitations, and thus reduce the worldwide demand for goods and services, we would simultaneously reduce the stress on our natural environment, on our political and social institutions and on our problem-solving and decision-making mechanisms. But is such a prescription acceptable from a social and political standpoint? Perhaps it is for the comparatively wealthy, but what about the poor people of the world? For them, limits to growth would mean lives of hopelessness.

The continuing debate on energy supply and demand epitomizes these issues. Those who press the view that man-made energy processes alter the natural ecology appear to forget that human society also has a complex energy ecology woven into its fabric. As with natural

Dr. Starr is Vice Chairman of the Electric Power Research Institute. This article is from his keynote address to the Symposium.

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ecology, any change in this total system of relationships will affect all its components. Popular ignorance of this fact has led to many simplistic notions regarding the role of energy in the quality of life, ranging from the idyllic notion that the less energy used, the better the life, to the opposite extreme, the need for unlimited abundance. Neither extreme has sufficient evidence to support its validity.

When we examine social groups with very low energy supplements, we find they are frequently on starvation's edge, ridden with malnutrition, endemic disease and physical misery. It has been estimated that one-fourth of the world now lives on this edge of survival. Given a free choice, such groups avidly seek more energy. The vehicle for energy to improve the quality of life is technology. And this is intuitively understood by the world's peoples.

Thus, if personal aspirations worldwide cannot be reduced, limiting economic growth would create major—and perhaps catastrophic—strains on our international political and social institutions.

I challenge the factual validity of the assumption that resources are limited, which is at the root of the doctrine of limited expectations. I believe that the resources available for use into the distant future are not generally limited, because history testifies that advances in technology expand the availability of resources. Technology does this by providing increased efficiency in the conversion of resources to human uses, i.e., less is needed to produce more, and in the extraction of traditional resources from the biosphere, as well as by providing methods for the conversion of dormant substances into new resources. So far, we have extracted only a small fraction of the store in the earth's crust. History also tells us that the apparently limited resources available to mankind in any one period of time become just a small fraction of the resources ultimately available to later generations because of the intervening contribution of science and technology.

As an example, let us consider the availability of oil. If oil exploration and extraction had been restricted to the techniques that were current about 1900, we would have been out of oil generations ago. At the beginning of this century, available U.S. reserves were about one billion barrels—enough for a decade then and for about two months of our present use. What oil was available then was found by looking for signs of seepage at the surface and by drilling around salt springs. In that period, we didn't have the sophisticated exploration, deep drilling and extraction techniques available today. Technology has enabled us to discover oil repositories miles underground and to force that oil out, as well as to obtain it through artesian pressures. And we've been able to open up oil fields under the oceans. There is no possible way that anyone without high-technology engineering equipment could develop a deep sea oil well. This is truly a frontier opened by technology.

This is a good example of how technology has kept increasing the available supply of all mineral resources and illustrates how science and technology are instrumental in expanding the limits of man's resources.

This expansion of limits has occurred with minerals, with food, with transportation, with communication, with health and with extending livable space in unfriendly, harsh environments.

There is ample stimulation to reassess the role of science and technology in our social development, to explore what they have done for the world's nations, what they mean to the individual and where they are likely to go in the future. Such an assessment is particularly timely for the electric industry. The major economic growth of the industrial nations has taken place parallel with and supported by the development of new uses for electricity, so the electric industry recognizes its responsibility as a partner in this growth.

Those of us pursuing the applications of science and technology believe that all progress in these fields is good for humanity generally and the developing nations in particular. Yet we do recognize the serious negative impact that some of the byproducts of these technical developments have had on individuals, on specific social trends and on the environment in which we live. We are also conscious of the possibility that such social costs might become so large that we must carefully examine what we are doing and perhaps better plan our activities.

There has been—during this past decade, in particular—a growing attack by a portion of the intellectual community on the social merit of the industrial section of our society. The electric utility industry is one such target, as are the automobile industry and the chemical industry.

A segment of the intellectual community has suggested that we should somehow restructure our society to remove the heavy hand of technology. This has been one of the popular tenets of the environmental movement. The basic question being posed is: are we the passive subjects of an uncontrollable technical system, or are we able to control this system to improve our destiny? I believe we must understand all aspects of such fundamental questions and assist our society in finding its balance.

Whether or not one pushes technological growth depends partly on individual philosophic beliefs and partly on the perceived prospects for technology. For more than a hundred years, most societies had unquestioned faith that technological growth was worthwhile. Our cultural conceptions of the role of science and technology are very fundamental to the average man. They affect his immediate activities, his future and that of his children and grandchildren. In the last few decades, our faith in technology has been questioned. And these doubts have created public issues bearing not only on the applications of science and technology but also on the creation of new knowledge. To some, the disapproval of the intended end of a particular science or technology means that research to develop fundamental knowledge should be stopped. But to do so would inhibit the potential for its good use, as well as for its bad. The debate on genetic engineering is such a case. In contrast, as an example of the stimulation fostered by an approved objective, the continual search for military superiority has historically extended scientific and engineering frontiers. It is an interesting commentary on the priorities of nations that this search for military strength has focused resources on new technology as no other social goal has done. It is indeed regrettable that our peaceful objectives are not equally stimulating.

It is my own belief that science and technology are powerful and unlimited resources for bettering man's condition; that the undesirable byproducts of their applications are susceptible to reduction by these same arts; that science and technology are the key to the "growth of limits" for resources and to the application of these resources for useful purposes, as well as to the breaking of constraints on human expectations and aspirations; and that future generations will be able to manage competently the world they will inherit—one that I believe will be better than the world my generation inherited. I believe this can, and will, happen, provided our sociological and cultural structures do not inhibit the intrinsically fruitful activities of science and technology—whether from fear of future uncertainties or from paranoid anxieties created by the doomsday syndrome.

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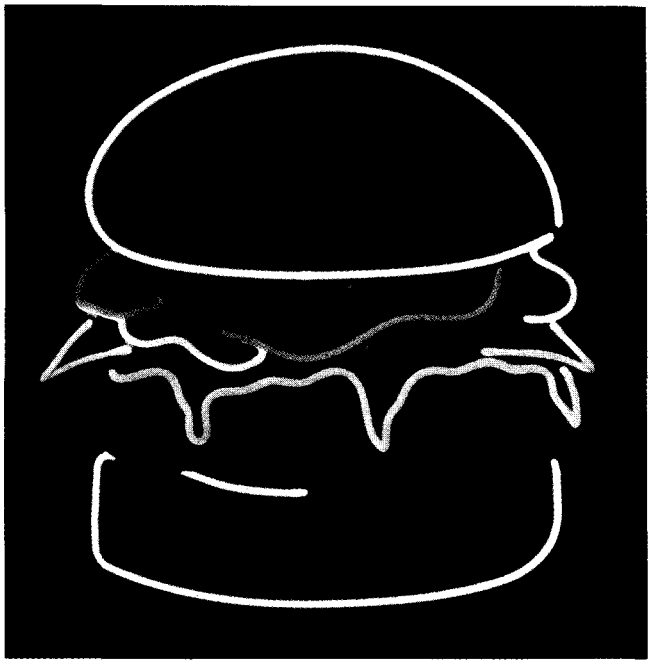
THE FALLACY OF THE ENERGY-CIVILIZATION EQUATION



by George Basalla

Among the critics of energy conservation are those who claim that as we use less energy we will become less civilized. They believe that the retreat from high energy consumption will lead mankind directly back to the caves that provided his first shelter. The immediate response to this warning is that the first substantial use of petroleum dates not to the Stone Age but to the period of the Civil War. And furthermore, that even a fifty percent reduction in our total consumption of energy would not transport us back to Paleolithic times, nor even to the Dark Ages, but to the 1950s.

Nevertheless, apocalyptic visions of an American society forced to reduce its energy consumption continue to haunt us. We foresee a doomed civilization, with tractors paralyzed in the fields, abandoned automobiles rusting on weed-choked freeways, factories as quiet as tombs and our haggard descendants facing a life of everlasting drudgery. These are strange visions for a nation that uses a 5,000-pound automobile to drive a mile in order to buy a half-dozen cans of beer that will be drunk in an overcooled room and the empties thrown on the trash heap instead of being delivered to an aluminum recycling center.

How did it come about that a people who use and waste vast amounts of energy believe that the alternative to high energy consumption is the primitive life endured by early man? And, even if the choice is not between the Stone Age and life in the twentieth century, what is the relationship between energy use and level of civilization?

The current approach to the energy problem ignores the fact that for almost two centuries energy consumption in the West has had an ideological component. High energy consumption has not only been associated with physical comfort, economic well-being and military strength, it has also been identified with the idea of civilization itself.

The tendency of the Western nations to equate energy use with level of civilization was accurately and satirically described by British author Aldous Huxley. Said Huxley, because we use a hundred and ten times as much coal as our ancestors, we naively think that we are a hundred and ten times better intellectually, morally and spiritually.

When energy consumption thus serves as a measure of the height of civilization reached by a nation, then changes in energy use will have wide implications. As less energy is available per capita, the nation is thought to lose its standing among the world's civilizations.

Those countries with high rates of energy consumption are ideologically committed to maintaining them, and those with lower rates are motivated to copy their energy-hungry, civilized superiors. This ideological commitment helps to explain why so many of the less industrialized nations felt it necessary to have their own nuclear reactors. It was not necessity that drove them to acquire them but the feeling that they might be left behind in this latest event in the energy-civilization race.

To simplify consideration of these matters, I will assume the existence of an energy-civilization equation. Although no one has ever formally written out such an equation, it has pervaded western thought for the past two centuries. It can be found in the physical, life and social sciences, and in technology, philosophy and popular culture.

The left side of that equation contains energy, a well-defined physical concept. On the opposite side appears civilization, which is a subjective evaluation of the intellectual, moral and aesthetic accomplishments of a society. The two sides of the equation are directly related, so that high energy consumption results in high civilization and low energy consumption in a low level of civilization.

The energy-civilization equation originated in the early nineteenth century. Prior to that time, the introduction of new energy sources was not linked to the advancement of culture. Take the example of the Middle Ages, which witnessed a great power revolution. Although the waterwheel, windmill and effective harnesses for draft animals transformed social and economic life, no medieval thinker was ever moved to claim that they were the ultimate sources of the cultural and spiritual achievements of the time.

The rose window of Chartres, the philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas, or any other of the accomplishments of the age were never related to the energy that had recently been put to new and practical uses. And conversely, medieval man never feared that dry streams, windless days and bad harnesses would mark the end of his civilization. Yet, by the

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1800s, the energy-civilization equation found easy acceptance, and claims and warnings of this sort were gaining in popularity.

The formulation of the energy-civilization equation was made possible by the Scientific Revolution of the seventeenth century. The emergence of modern science and the subsequent identification of scientific and technical advancement with human progress provided the kind of intellectual environment in which a newly introduced power source would be dealt with differently than it had been in the Middle Ages. The Scientific Revolution created a world view in which energy and civilization could be directly related.

In the 17th century, Sir Francis Bacon listed the great inventions that had changed the course of civilization; they were the compass, gunpowder and the printing press. With the rapid growth of science and technology, it was an easy matter to extend Bacon's original list by adding new inventions. By the late 18th century, an obvious addition to that list was the steam engine, which produced large amounts of power and had noticeable social and economic effects. It quickly became the symbol of industrialization and the social, economic and cultural changes that accompanied it.

The steam engine appeared to offer strong evidence that energy could be converted into civilization. However, neither the steam engine nor any other mechanical device could provide a proper theoretical basis for the energy-civilization equation. Only the sciences could supply such a foundation, and they did so during the 19th century. First physics and chemistry and then the biological, social and behavioral sciences were called upon to offer theoretical justification for linking energy with civilization.

Among the great successes of nineteenth-century physics were the discovery of the laws of conservation of energy and the establishment of a science of thermodynamics. Early in the century scientists had their first glimpse into the possibility of energy conversion. At that time they were interested in the conversion of heat to light, light to chemical action, chemical action to motion, motion to electricity, electricity to magnetism and so forth.

Some men of science were not satisfied to confine the conversion series to the boundaries of the physics and chemistry laboratory. Is it not possible, they argued, to convert physical forces or energies into biological ones? After all, it occurs naturally every time an animal assimilates its food. And cannot the series be extended from the biological to the nervous forces that energize the nervous system? And why stop here? Can we not take the next step, the one that connects nervous forces to the mind and to the study of moral and intellectual energy?

If one answered "yes" to these questions, then there existed no theoretical barrier between the physical concept of energy and the moral and intellectual progress that characterized civilization. It was in this way that the energy-civilization equation finally found an apparently respectable place for itself among the sciences.

Once the path had been opened between physical energy and culture, it was possible to imagine energy conversion sequences that began in the firebox of a steam engine, or in the windings of an electric dynamo, and ended in the world of morality, social and intellectual concern and artistic creation. Most scientists preferred to work on the first few links of the sequence, links that were clearly empirical. On the other hand, there were those who saw no problem in speaking of vital mental and social energies and in determining their relationship to the energy of the physical sciences. Some cases in point:

*Wilhelm Ostwald, German chemist, 1919 Novel prize-winner and creator of Ostwald's energetic imperative: Do not waste energy! He attempted to develop an energetic basis for all the sciences.

*Henry Adams, American historian and author of the famous essay, "The Virgin and the Dynamo," which evaluated the effects of two great and different energies upon the course of Western civilization, concluding that the force of electricity was every bit as mysterious and powerful as the religious force produced by medieval Catholicism's veneration of the Virgin Mary.

*Frederick A. Soddy, British scientist, 1921 Nobel prize-winner and a pioneer in the study of the atom. Soddy believed atomic energy would lift civilization to heights undreamed of, if atomic warfare could be averted and a new economic system established for a more equitable distribution of goods and services.

*Henry Ford and Thomas A. Edison, who followed Soddy's lead in dealing with energy and economics. Ford proposed using an abandoned Muscle Shoals, Alabama, hydroelectric plant to produce enough cheap power to supply a city 75 miles long and 15 miles wide. Edison proposed financing the scheme through Energy Dollars, imprinted with a depiction of the hydroelectric plant because energy was the true basis of money. Politics intervened to kill the grandiose scheme.

And the energeticists marched on. The dreams of hydroelectric plants and a new society persisted to the time of Franklin Delano Roosevelt's administration, when they became part of the Tennessee Valley Authority program. The TVA mystique was to reappear in such unlikely and remote areas of the world as Aswan, Egypt, and the Mekong River delta in Vietnam.

It would be foolish to argue that hydroelectrical establishments have no influence on their social and intellectual milieu. However, it is also true that they have not created the revolutionary changes promised by their promoters. We have yet to create a new civilization merely because we harnessed the power of some wild river. There remains a considerable gap between the Utopian societies projected and the economic and ecological liabilities of power dam construction.

I have touched upon but a few of the many manifestations of the energy-civilization formulation. Sigmund Freud linked sexual energy, and its sublimation, to civilization. Some current anthropological and sociological thought links energy and cultural achievements. There is astronomical speculation that ranks the civilizations of yet to be discovered extraterrestrial beings according to their supposed access to different amounts of energy. The disclosure of new energy sources—coal, petroleum, the atom, the sun—is accompanied by highly exaggerated claims that they would be the basis for a new society and a higher civilization. Finally, a National Science Foundation course describes energy as follows: "Energy is the source and control of all things, all values and all the actions of human beings and nature." That is the sort of description that at one time would have sufficed to define God!

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Having resolved the historical question of the origins and diffusion of the energy-civilization equation, we are still left wondering about its ultimate validity.

In this equation, slight increases or decreases in energy use cause large fluctuations in the level of civilization. If man uses less coal or electricity, then he is surely doomed to wear animal furs, gnaw on bones and pass his time shaping stone tools. On the other hand, if he only adopts solar, fusion or some other new energy source, then the gates of the Garden of Eden will be opened to him. We should be suspicious of a formulation that places mankind so precariously between apocalypse and utopia. And we should be cautious in accepting an equation that does not reflect the fact that the vast increases in energy consumption over the past few decades have not necessarily enhanced our changes of reaching a new stage in civilization.

Perhaps one reason why our rapidly increasing energy consumption has not placed us upon a new plateau of civilization is the way in which we choose to use that excess energy. The crude formula linking civilization with energy has no place for questions of choice. It deals with

"THERE IS A GREAT DANGER IN ASSUMING THAT CULTURAL ATTAINMENTS MUST WAIT UPON THE FULFILLMENT OF CREATURE COMFORTS."

energy expended per capita and does not ask if the energy was squandered on trivialities, wasted in destructive wars, or utilized to advance the social, moral and cultural accomplishments we identify with civilization.

Another weakness of the equation grows out of the vague way energy is defined within its context. There is no quarrel when the term is limited to the physical domain. But what are we to make of the analogical reasoning that led to the writing of serious essays on moral energy, sexual energy or religious energy?

If the energy-civilization formulation encouraged the loose definition of energy, what did it do for the definition of civilization? Immediately we are faced with an entirely different situation. Energy has its roots in the physical sciences, so that no matter how it is misapplied the original concept maintains its integrity. Civilization, on the contrary, never has had the kind of precise determination we associate with an accepted scientific concept. Civilization has always been a value-laden word that has changed over time and has been redefined again and again in order to meet current political, social or cultural needs or desires. It is an ill-fated formula that would attempt to link closely two such disparate entities as energy and civilization.

Yet, even if we attempt to make the equation workable by focusing upon one nation at a given time and assuming that its people will agree on what is meant by civilization, we find grave difficulties. When the English economist and philosopher Stanley Jevons was predicting the imminent decline of British civilization in the 1860s, he supposed that coal, iron and railroads had raised England to the pinnacle of culture. Not so, responded the contemporary literary critic Matthew Arnold. Let us suppose, said Arnold, that two hundred years from now England was to be swallowed up by the sea. Then, when the rest of the world recalled England's greatness, they would undoubtedly remember the Age of Shakespeare as her golden hour and not the time of Alfred Lord Tennyson and Queen Victoria. The Elizabethans managed quite well without the steam engine to produce a culture that is admired throughout the world.

Should a twentiety-century opponent choose to enter into the debate with Matthew Arnold over this matter, he would probably draw upon statistics proving modern superiority in life expectancy, literacy, nutrition, public hygiene, speed of transportation, equality of opportunity and so on. In short, he would shift the argument to the arenas of quality of life and economic growth. Matthew Arnold would reply to his modern critic as he did to Jevons, by defining national greatness as that quality that excites love, interest and admiration for a nation and its deeds. And Arnold would be correct in doing so, because throughout its history the energy-civilization equation has stressed the highest cultural achievements of man, and not the more mundane aspects of his life. After all, the steam engine was praised not merely because it could pump drinking water to city dwellers but because it was a dispenser of culture.

A persistent critic would then respond that there just might be a connection between the availability of potable water and the creation of high culture. Must not the artist and scientist be fed, clothed and sheltered before he can address himself to artistic and scientific affairs? There is no simple reply to this question. However, I believe it calls for something far more profound than the energy-civilization equation, which has often been put forth as the definitive answer.

There is a great danger in assuming that cultural attainments must wait upon the fulfillment of creature comforts,

"THE ELIZABETHANS MANAGED QUITE WELL WITHOUT THE STEAM ENGINE TO PRODUCE A CULTURE THAT IS ADMIRED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD."

that man could not study the stars, think about gods or ornament a piece of pottery until he had a full stomach, a roof over his head and a wall around his city. The more historians and anthropologists learn about the early history of mankind, the more they are convinced that science, religion, and art were always part of his existence, and not refinements he cultivated after reaching a certain stage of economic stability. Neither historical nor anthropological research supports the popular view that economic necessity is prior to, and prepares the way for, the moral, intellectual and aesthetic life of man. Therefore I, for one, would reject the simple correlation of energy consumption, economic growth and civilization.

In the final analysis, it is not crucial that all of my criticisms of the energy-civilization equation be accepted. It is much more important that the equation is recognized as a pervasive, if often implicit, element in both popular and sophisticated approaches to energy and society. If the equation is as worthless and potentially dangerous as I think it is, then it should be exposed and discarded, because it supplies a supposedly scientific argument against our efforts to adopt a style of living based upon lower levels of energy consumption. If it is a generalization of great truth, then it deserves a more refined handling than it has received from its supporters to date.

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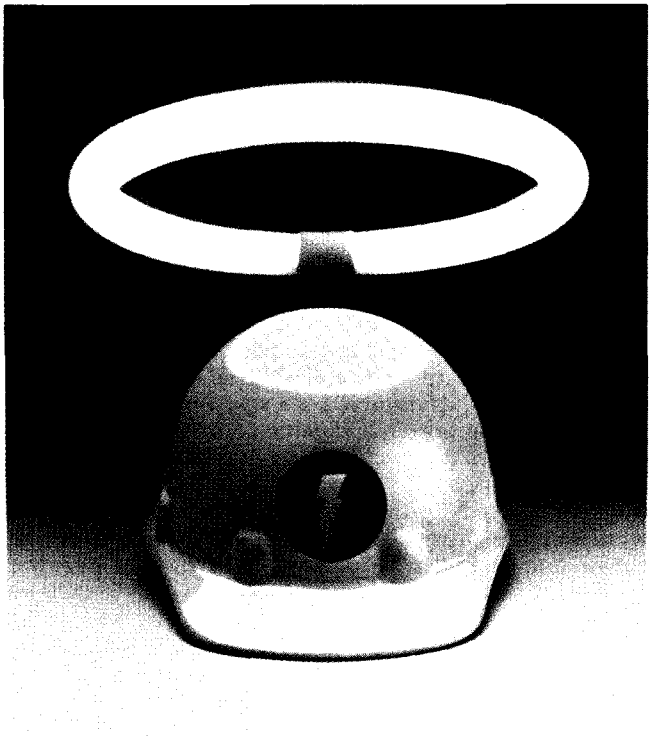

by Alasdair MacIntyre

We are in one of those phases, recurrent in American history, in which morality has been rediscovered yet once again. It is characteristic of such phases that a hunt for scapegoats ensues, focusing our concerns in precisely the wrong way on precisely the wrong issues. Blaming and punishing individuals becomes a substitute for asking what it was in the structures of our common life that at the very least made possible and perhaps even positively engendered moral fault and failure.

The present fashionable concern with morality in general and the practice of scapegoating in particular concentrate their concern almost exclusively upon breaches of the kind of moral rule that tells us only what we ought not to do. Our very concern with an emphasis upon negative, prohibiting rules leads us to lose sight of what is, in fact, centrally important to morality and thus, in turn, to fail to give due importance to these self-same negative, prohibiting rules.

The record of the electric power industry, in abstaining from breaking such negative, prohibiting rules, is by and large an exemplary one. Paradoxically enough, insofar as I am inclined to question the moral resources of the electric power industry, it is because in one way its moral record is as good as it is. The morality of the industry has been essentially a negative one of proved abstinence from wrong-doing.

Since the end of the Great Depression, the electric power industry has inflexibly interpreted its legally mandated task, at the heart of which is the requirement to supply electric power on demand. The American electric power industry not only supplied power with a success unparalleled in human history, but actually participated in creating the demand that made that success necessary to the rest of American industry. All this was achieved in such a way that neither the more general question: "Growth for what?" nor the more specific question: "Electric power for what?" needed to be raised, let alone answered. Those questions implicitly were held to be questions only for consumers, just as questions of the legal constraints to be imposed on the provision and use of electric power were held to be questions for the Congress and for citizens.

The morality required and practiced by the industry was generally a strict morality of non-intervention in every area but that which it and others regarded as its own legitimate realm. There was one positive aspect to the morality: its basic assumption, so firmly held as scarcely needing to be stated, was that the providing of electric power within the limits set by these negative constraints was an unqualified good.

Environmental concerns did not emerge until the very end of the period about which I am speaking; and the obvious connections between the provision of electric power and the possibilities both of providing employment for an increasing work force and of increasing the comfort of domestic life reinforced this assumption. The consequence was that a whole range of decisions came to be treated as purely or almost purely technical decisions to be handed over to the economists and the engineers: what types of plant should be built, where should they be sited, at what points should investment be made, what skills did the industry need. Congress provided the mandate, the consumer provided the data for prediction, the executives of the industry provided the commercial integrity and the skills for answering such questions, but the questions themselves were technical, not moral.

The electric power industry—and in this it has been no different from the rest of us in modern society—has allowed its moral perspectives to be defined too much in terms of the negative prohibiting and constraining rules and not enough in terms of positive goods that ought to inform its tasks. It is those goods that provide the distinctive moral dimension in any definition of the future tasks of the electric power industry. We can very happily take for granted the need to observe the requirements of the negative rules; what we do need is a more explicit assertion of the industry's positive moral tasks.

One positive moral task of the industry is to assume a large public responsibility in areas that it has hitherto treated with a scrupulous but, if I am right, partly mis-

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placed respect as the responsibility either of the Congress or the executive branch of government or of the industrial, commercial and private consumer. That responsibility is to urge, cajole and compel our society to make certain choices and to make those choices in as open, as explicit and as rational a way as possible. There are two different kinds of reason why this responsibility falls to the electric power industry. The first is concerned with its unrivaled strategic position in the supply of power and with the scale and scope of its resources, especially the industry's accumulation of relevant knowledge and relevant skills. Both government and the general public have to learn what are the applications and consequences of alternative energy sources under specific local conditions of particular communities and environments. Engineering, economic, environmental and social considerations are going to have to be presented within a framework of political choice.

It is perhaps obvious that the members of the electric power industry are, as a group, uniquely well-fitted to present such choices. It would be required of them that they transcend their position as one special interest group among others. Would we then be asking them to become moral supermen? There is no simple, glib answer. But part of the complex answer is that we have asked no less from a variety of special interest groups in times of national crisis, especially during the Second World War.

The second type of reason for suggesting that the industry has this special and relatively new responsibility is that so far those who have been conveniently assigned this task by the democratic process have signally failed to discharge it in any but the most inadequate ways.

We have in our society only two institutionalized methods for coordinating individual preferences and transforming them into public choices: those of the market and its allied institutions, and those of government legislation, taxation and regulation. It is scarcely surprising that public debate has focused, explicitly and implicitly, on energy questions as elsewhere on the choice between those two, and that the form of public debate has been largely that of an indictment of each of these methods by the proponents of the other. The sad fact of course is that both parties are right; both methods are grossly defective, and specifically so with respect to the kind of choices that our society now needs to formulate.

Consider first some defects of the mechanisms of the market. Markets only provide mechanisms for coordinating individual preferences once those preferences have been formulated and expressed in acts of consumption. The market, therefore, is of no help to us in those areas of life where we have to decide what our patterns of consumption are to be, how our preferences are to be ranked, how our desires are to be ordered. The debate on energy is centrally about investment; and it is a debate that has to be conducted within what Daniel Bell has felicitously called the "public household." We need to reason together in order to discover with what choices we want to enter the market. We are, that is to say, at a point in the argument where to tell us to rely on the mechanisms of the market is not so much mistaken as irrelevant.

There are weaknesses and defects in our system of political decision-making that correspond precisely to the weaknesses and defects of the market. It, like the market, is responsive to the pressures of the present much more rationally than to those of the future, partly because our ability to predict the future accurately is in general extraordinarily limited. And it, like the market, is far more effective at expressing already formulated choices on familiar issues than at formulating new possibilities of choice in unfamiliar areas. Neither the market nor the political system will provide the ordinary citizen with an adequate arena for formulating and expressing radically new choices of the kind that the energy debate thrusts upon us. And if public discussion that will enable ordinary citizens to formulate and express radically new choices does not take place, then the political and economic outcomes will inevitably be sadly defective.

But who is to begin the debate neceseary to supplement our conventional economic and political institutions? Who is to educate the educators? I see very few individuals or institutions who are both capable of taking up this task and who possess the resources and the strategic position to carry it through, apart from those individuals and institutions comprised by the electric power industry. Their work compels them to interact with both producers and consumers at essential points. They have a peculiar responsibility, which arises from the fact that if they do not discharge it, it is unlikely that anyone else will. If the industry does embark on this task, it will perhaps be accused of trying to preempt the democratic process; but if it does not take action that will render it liable to such accusations, the democratic process itself may fail us.

What then is the task, and why does it have moral dimensions? In order to answer this question, I shall have to state briefly and unoriginally what I take the energy crisis to be. There is no more of a shortage of available energy now than at any other time; what has suddenly become unavailable is energy at the kind of low price to us to which we had become accustomed. What we now have to debate is what we are prepared to pay for what and to whom and how are we going to pay for it. The major possibility that we confront is of a gigantic shift in patterns of investment. And if we invest massively in new energy sources or in new ways and to new extents in existing sources, then we shall necessarily be shifting our investment away from something else important to our lives. Hence the energy crisis is a crisis about our whole way of life and not just about energy.

It is not difficult to see that when we rethink the wide range of questions facing America as questions about energy, four different kinds of moral concern must arise. The first is a concern for complexity. Oversimplification, the sacrifice of complexity, is in fact a crucial form of the vice of untruthfulness. Yet this is not the only morally damaging harm that is likely to arise from oversimplification of the issues. Just because so many different kinds of issues of policy and practice interlock at the point of energy use, there is no simple way to assess the costs and benefits that will arise from any particular proposal. How, for example, are we to weigh as considerations relevant to the same proposal the harm of damage to the environment against the harm of making fewer jobs available to those who badly need work, and both against the harm of injury and death to a certain number of presently unidentifiable individuals? It is always much easier for us to consider these issues in a piecemeal, local way, in which some particular compromise—determined through bargaining by

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local circumstances and balance of power—will, in the short run, at least, satisfy the particular, local contending parties. Our whole political and legislative process is biased towards oversimplified statements of problems and, consequently, not only oversimplified but unjust solutions.

Because our culture possesses no general set of standards that will enable us to evaluate costs and benefits of very different types in a single rational argument, it is all the more important that our evaluations satisfy two minimal requirements of justice. The first is that everyone relevantly involved—and where energy is concerned that means everyone—should have a chance to say what is to count as a cost and what as a benefit. The second is that, so far as possible, those who receive the benefits should also be those who pay the costs and vice versa. Neither the former nor the latter principle has received anything like adequate attention in recent debates. When environmentalists urge policies that will significantly reduce the number of jobs that might otherwise be available, it is rarely, perhaps never, the case that they are able to show *either* that those who would lose their opportunities of work are the same people who would benefit from the environment *or* that those who would lose their opportunities to work have had a part in shaping the conception and criteria of costs and benefits involved. Environmentalists in the present have sometimes been as untrammeled in endangering other people's jobs as industrialists in the past were in endangering other people's investments. Equally, when opponents of nuclear power stations urge policies that will significantly increase our future dependence on coal, the lives that will be lost as a result of their policies are not their own. Justice demands not only that everyone have a voice and a vote, but that some people—the populations that will bear the relevant risks and dangers, or most of them—have more of a voice and more of a vote than others.

There is at least one further requirement that must be met if justice is to be served. Because the energy crisis is primarily a crisis about the investment of resources, ordinary citizens are going to have no opportunity to understand how the costs and benefits of different investment policies do and will impinge upon them, if the costs are systematically concealed by subsidy. For the inhabitants of most advanced countries, the cheapness of energy to the consumer in the past 50 years has disguised its true costs. Ordinary citizens respond to their everyday experience and, if their everyday experience conceals what they are really paying for energy in all sorts of disguised ways, then no amount of theoretical education is likely to succeed. Only if there is a widespread perception of what the costs and benefits of different energy policies are can we decide both democratically and rationally how it is just to distribute costs and benefits.

Justice and truthfulness are not the only virtues central to determining energy production and use. Another is the ability to live with unpredictability.

We need to plan on a large scale, but we also have to recognize that our plans are for a future that is always apt to surprise us with its unexpectedness. In part, our social future is unpredictable because of the ways in which the future development of mathematics, science and technology are unpredictable. An obvious and obviously crucial example is the mathematics of Turing or of von Neumann, work essential to the development of modern computing science and engineering, and work whose outcome could not have been rationally predicted in advance.

In changing the social world and its national environment, we also change ourselves. No matter how sophisticated our social planning with respect to energy or to anything else, we can never rule out the possibility that in the course of implementing our plans we shall acquire views, interests and desires markedly different from those that led us to draw up and implement our original plans. Hence it is crucial that our planning is not so inflexible that it leaves our future selves—let alone successor generations—with no or few options acceptable to them because we were, at an early stage, too rigidly insistent on what is now acceptable to us.

It follows that there are great moral as well as practical dangers in making too many large-scale irreversible investment decisions that foreclose on future choices. This is especially a danger because the urgency of our immediate needs always tempts us towards short-term solutions.

Some of my statements about justice might seem supportive to the advocates of massive investment in nuclear power, while what I am now saying about the need for an ability to live with unpredictability may seem to endorse what some of their critics have said. But what matters at this juncture is not so much the particular policy implications of particular points; rather, it is the need to underline the fact that we ought not to expect moral considerations all to point in one single policy direction. There is a genuinely tragic dimension to the energy debate in that any particular policy direction is going to involve the sacrifice of some authentic goods for the sake of others. Our culture lacks any clear sense of how to handle tragic situations, situations that reveal our moral and human limitations in relation to the tasks imposed upon us.

Because we have never learned to face up to our moral limitations, we have lost to a large degree our vision of positive possibility. We have trudged for so long into a future of apparently limitless consumption that we do not now find it easy to remember who we are and what links us to others. The notion of possibility is always the notion of some future form of community that provides us now with standards and goals by which to diagnose our various forms of inadequacy and to set about remedying them. Just such a common vision—partial, not always coherent, but providing the essential sustenance for our constitution—was implicit in the founding of this republic.

What I am suggesting is this: that to press forward in the public arena the debate about energy, in such a way as to make its moral dimensions clear so far as possible to the whole society, will reveal to that society that it is, to a degree that a good deal of political rhetoric conceals from us, involved in a moral crisis as well as in an energy crisis. The prospect is a dismaying one and requires courage: we do not know how to reason together morally in an effective way. And this lack—just because it is something wanting in the social order as a whole—will never be remedied unless we face it as a society.

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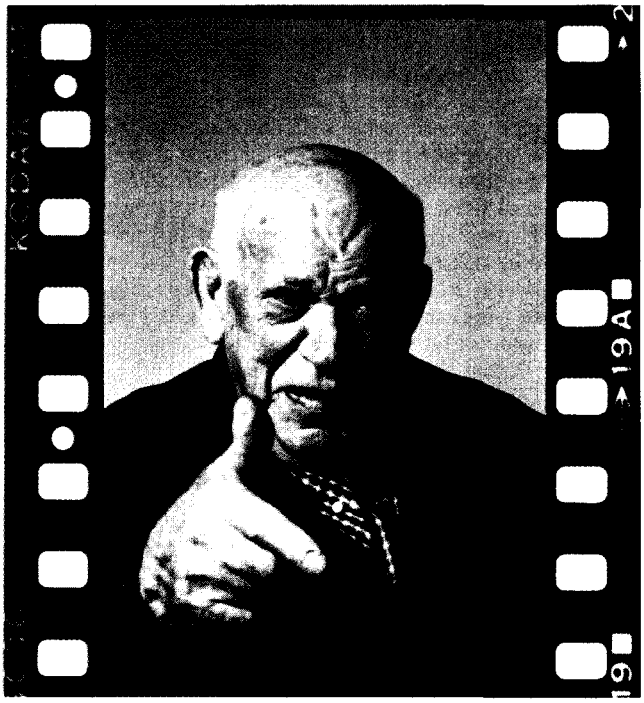
BEWARE THE INTELLECTUAL

by Eric Hoffer



From the early days of the Industrial Revolution, intellectuals of every sort predicted that the machine would make man superfluous. Right now, it would be difficult to find a social scientist who does not believe that automated machines and computers are eliminating man as a factor in the social equation.

The belief that the machine turns men into robots is an a priori assumption that prevents social scientists from seeing that technology is doing precisely the opposite of what they predicted it would do. There is evidence on every hand that the human factor has never been so central as it is now in technologically advanced countries. And it is the centrality of the human factor that makes industrial societies at present so unpredictable.

In the 19th century, which saw a Promethean effort to master and harness nature, little thought was given to the management of man. The ruling middle class could proceed on the principle that government is best when it governs least. Everyday life had a fabulous regularity. Obedience of authority was as automatic as a reflex movement. Social processes were almost as rational and predictable as the processes of nature. It was reasonable to believe in the possibility of a social science as exact as a natural science.

There was also boundless hope, a belief in automatic progress that imbued people with patience.

Mr. Hoffer, the self-educated author of numerous books on social philosophy, is a former migratory worker, gold miner and longshoreman.

Then came the 20th century! Have there ever been two successive centuries so different from each other as the 19th and the 20th?

The 19th century was stable, predictable, rational, hopeful, free, fairly peaceful and lumpy with certitudes.

The 20th century has been hectic, soaked with the blood of innocents, fearful of the future, stripped of certitudes, unpredictable and absurd. The history of the 20th century is a succession of disastrous absurdities: the First World War, the Russian Revolution, the Versailles Peace Treaty, Prohibition, the wild '20s, the Great Depression, the Roosevelt Administration, the Hitler Revolution, the Second World War, the Holocaust, the absurd 1960s and now the Carter Presidency.

What was it that made the 20th century so different from the 19th? The First World War was the sharp dividing line between the two centuries. But it was not the First World War itself, but its aftermath, that shaped our century. Without the breakdown of Czarist Russia and the humiliation of Germany by the Versailles Treaty, there would have been neither a Lenin nor a Hitler Revolution.

We have the testimony of highly reliable observers on the fabulous stability and hopefulness of the pre-war decade. To Alfred North Whitehead, who was immersed in the new physics, "the period 1880 to 1914 was one of the happiest times in the history of mankind."

It is impressive how logic and hope kept 19th century thinkers from contemplating an unpleasant, let alone apocalyptic, denouement as the fulfillment of the Industrial Revolution. Few in the 19th century were aware of the explosive irrationality of the human condition. No one suspected that once nature had been mastered, industrial societies would enter a psychological age in which man would become a threat to mankind's survival.

No one foresaw the disintegration of values and the weakening of social discipline caused by the elimination of scarcity. A logician like Marx could not foresee the downfall of capitalism by ever-increasing efficiency rather than by ever-increasing misery. Hardly anyone in the 19th century foresaw the chronic unemployment and the loss of a sense of usefulness caused by increased ambition. No one feared that drastic change would upset traditions, customs and other arrangements that make life predictable. Finally, no one foresaw that the education explosion made possible by advanced technology would swamp societies with hordes of educated nobodies who want to be somebodies and end up being mischief-making busybodies.

Strangely, those whom thinkers of the 19th century viewed with alarm were the masses. Some thought that the masses loathed continuity and that their clamor for change would topple all that was noble and precious. Others believed that, once the masses were given political power, only education and prosperity could preserve social stability. How naive to believe in a stabilizing power of prosperity and education after we have seen what affluence and education have done!

To Freud, it seemed that individuals composing the

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masses support one another in giving free reign to their indiscipline. No one had an inkling that anarchy, when it came, would originate not in the masses but in violent minorities, including the minority of the educated. Everything that was said about the anarchic propensities of the masses fits perfectly with the behavior of students, professors, writers, artists and the hangers-on during the righteous '60s.

The masses are the protagonists of stability, continuity and law and order. It is curious that Disraeli—remarkable man—should have had a truer world view of the nature of the masses than his liberal contemporaries. He sensed the conservatism and patriotism of common people. Could it be that, as a genuine conservative, Disraeli was more attuned to the eternal verities of man's existence? Considering also how timely and relevant were Disraeli's ideas about what makes nations strong and great, it is legitimate to wonder whether you have to be a conservative if you want to be up to date.

The 20th century saw not only the fulfillment of the Industrial Revolution but also the fulfillment of wars planted in the preceding century. There is hardly an atrocity perpetrated in the 20th century that had not been advocated by some intellectual in the 19th.

The 19th century was dominated by men of action; the intellectuals just talked. And no one expected savage words to have consequence. The intellectuals entered the 19th century convinced that it was going to be their century. Had they not made the French Revolution? They saw themselves as the coming ruling class. But the Industrial Revolution gave power to the middle class, and the intellectuals were left out in the cold.

It is the predicament of the middle class that, although it excels in mastering things, it is awkward and almost helpless when it comes to managing men. Thus, when the human factor became more and more central, the middle class, drained of confidence by the First World War and a great Depression, found itself in deep trouble.

The stage was set for the entrance of the intellectuals. To an intellectual, power means power over man. He cannot conceive of power moving mountains and telling rivers where to flow. He is in his element commanding, brainwashing and in general making people love what they hate. He glories in the role of medicine man and charismatic leader. And feels godlike when he makes words become flesh. Thus, he has made the 20th century a century of words par excellence. In no other century have words become so dangerous. A failure to recognize this fact can have disastrous consequences.

Now, viewed from any vantage point, the 19th century was a sharp historical deviation. About 150 years ago, the Occident was catapulted into a trajectory away from the ancient highway of history. We can now see that the trajectory is the loop that turns upon itself and is curving back to where it started. We can see all around us the lineaments of a pre-industrial pattern emerging in post-industrial society. We are not plunging ahead into the future, but falling back into the past. The explosion of the young, the dominance of the intellectuals, the savagery of our cities, the revulsion from work are all characteristics of the decades that preceded the Industrial Revolution. We are returning to the rocky highway of history and are rejoining the ancient caravan.

The significant point is that the people who are rejoining the ancient caravan are not what they were in pre-industrial days. They are more dangerous. The unspeakable atrocities of the 20th century have demonstrated that man is the originator of a great evil that threatens the survival of mankind. The central problem of the post-industrial age is how to cope with this human evil.

It is conceivable that if the exhaustion of raw materials and sources of energy make it imperative for a society to tap the creative energies of its people, it may in doing so also tap a new source of social discipline, for the creative individual, no matter how highly endowed, must be hard-working and disciplined if he's to accomplish much.

There is no invention that will take the hard work out of creating. Moreover, since the creative flow is never abundant, the greatest society is likely to be disciplined by a new chronic scarcity. The trouble is that the coming of the creative society will be slow and faltering, and we must find other defenses against evil.

What I'm going to advocate may seem far-fetched. But in this case, all suggestions are legitimate. As things are now, it may well be that the survival of the species will depend upon the capacity to foster a boundless capacity for compassion. In the alchemy of man's soul, almost all noble attributes—courage, love, hope, faith, beauty, loyalty—can be transmuted into ruthlessness. Compassion alone stands apart from the continuous traffic between good and evil proceeding within us. Compassion is the antitoxin of the soul. Where there is compassion, even the poisonous impulses remain relatively harmless.

Compassion seems to have its roots in the family. It is conceivable that the present weakening of the family may allow compassion to leak out into wider circles. So, too, the cultivation of esprit de corps, which is the creation of family ties between strangers, may spread compassion.

The question is: can we make people compassionate by education? It is natural to assume that the well-educated are more humane and compassionate than the uneducated. But, believe it or not, the reverse seems to be true. When Gandhi was asked what it was that worried him most, he replied, "The hardness of heart of the educated."

We have seen the highly educated German nation give its allegiance to the most murderously vengeful government in history. The bloody-minded professors in the Kremlin, as Churchill called them, liquidated 60 million Russian men, women and children. We have also seen a band of graduates of the Sorbonne, no less, slaughter and starve millions of innocents in Cambodia and Vietnam. The murder weapons that may destroy our society are being forged in the work factories of our foremost universities. In many countries, universities have become the chief recruiting ground of mindless terrorists.

I've never been a teacher or a parent, and my heart is savage by nature and therefore unfit to tell people how to implant compassion. Still, I have the feeling that perhaps the adoption of a certain view of life might bear the fruit of compassion. We feel close to each other when we see our planet as a tiny island of life in an immensity of nothingness. We also draw together when we become aware that night must close in on all living things, that we are condemned to death at birth and that life is a bus ride to the place of execution. All of our struggling and vying is about seats in the bus, and the ride is over before we know it.

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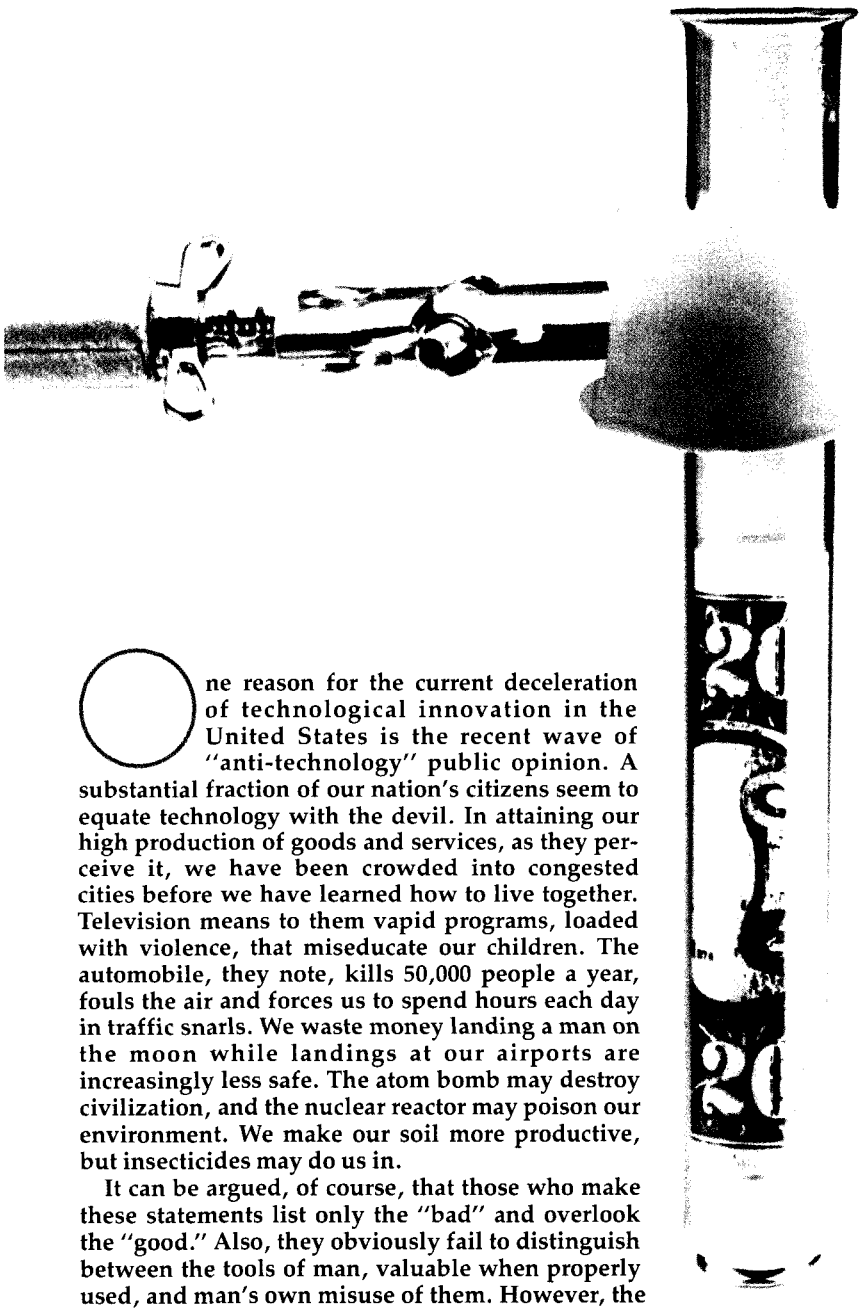
CAN SCIENCE TURN A PROFIT?

by Simon Ramo



One reason for the current deceleration of technological innovation in the United States is the recent wave of "anti-technology" public opinion. A substantial fraction of our nation's citizens seem to equate technology with the devil. In attaining our high production of goods and services, as they perceive it, we have been crowded into congested cities before we have learned how to live together. Television means to them vapid programs, loaded with violence, that miseducate our children. The automobile, they note, kills 50,000 people a year, fouls the air and forces us to spend hours each day in traffic snarls. We waste money landing a man on the moon while landings at our airports are increasingly less safe. The atom bomb may destroy civilization, and the nuclear reactor may poison our environment. We make our soil more productive, but insecticides may do us in.

It can be argued, of course, that those who make these statements list only the "bad" and overlook the "good." Also, they obviously fail to distinguish between the tools of man, valuable when properly used, and man's own misuse of them. However, the presence in the nation of a broad anti-technology bias, applied indiscriminately, impairs our overall ability to reach objective, sound, non-emotional decisions on the development and employment of technology. This prejudice, like all prejudices, stands in the way of our arriving at meaningful value judgments.

Dr. Ramo, cofounder of TRW Inc., serves as a consultant to the White House Office of Science and Technology Policy.

The majority of the public in the United States does not seem to understand the fundamental necessity for a strong program of advancing technology to meet the public's own insistent requirements to have a growing standard of living, low unemployment and tolerable (that is, small) inflation rates.

We have two routes for initiatives to get things done in the U.S.: free enterprise and government. Without a high degree of cooperation between the government and the private sector, and public understanding of the need for this cooperation, technological advance in the U.S. will be highly constrained. Because the government is so important in setting the environment for technological innovation and because innovative capability in the U.S. resides almost entirely in private industry, improved organization to accomplish beneficial advancing of technology depends on the extent to which a harmonious ensemble can be organized out of the three ingredients: government policy, private investment and implementation, and public support.

Currently, inflation, government spending, tax policies, and over-regulation have impaired industry earnings and lowered available funds for plowback to create technological advances. Unfortunately, an increasing fraction of the most needed and potentially beneficial technological projects call for investments beyond the net worth of most corporations, and large corporations in the U.S. now are essentially not allowed to team up to share the risk. For such projects, the "risk-to-return" ratio is too great, the start-up losses are too high, the time to "turn-around" to an eventual profit phase is too long and the dependence of success on unpredictable political decisions is forbiddingly close.

The lack of industry incentive to invest funds to back innovation goes with the other characteristics of the U.S. environment: inflation, high taxes, high costs in dealing with government regulatory requirements, high consumption-to-investment ratios, and high ratio of government to private sector spending. Given the state of the economy, no government program to stimulate more innovative effort and R&D in private industry could be nearly so effective as a successful government program to lower inflation, or one to cause more discretionary cash flow to be available to technological corporations by a lowering of taxes. If the government could create these changes, the seeds of scientific and technological advance would quickly blossom into copious crops. Here are some examples that illustrate the relation of the rate of application of technological advance to economic-political constraints.

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OIL WELL TECHNOLOGY

If existing U.S. continental oil wells were equipped with submergible pumps for secondary and tertiary recovery wherever warranted, our oil reserves would be greatly increased (perhaps even doubled, the experts tell us). Technologically, such installations are thoroughly practical. Most often, the installations would be economically feasible as well, if the price per barrel were higher than present controls permit for old oil, i.e., in the range of prices the nation is paying now for imported oil. Billions of dollars invested this way would bring us tens of billions in equivalent additional petroleum. The critical pricing parameter to make the private investment a sound one lies outside the free market and is a political matter. Pricing involves a contest among numerous influential constituents with wide differences of opinion of the issue. The private sector thus cannot justify investing the required funds.

IMPROVED URBAN TRANSPORTATION

Almost every large U.S. city could gain by installing a first class public transportation system. But it has to be the right system. The technology has to be carefully selected and matched to each city's layout, industry pattern population and employment distribution, health care and education facilities. The economic gains could be prodigious. Perhaps half our population could save hours each week over present means for getting to and from work. They would travel at less expense, consume less energy, cut air pollution and decrease the accident rate.

But is it intelligent for an American technological corporation to invest its resources with the objective of developing, then selling, and finally earning a return from mass transit systems for American cities? Consider Los Angeles as an example. Imagine that some private company a few years ago decided to devote several years of effort in fitting technology to L.A.'s social and economic needs and designing the multi-billion dollar transit system required. Then, further assume, as we must to be realistic, that all the subsystems (vehicles, controls, communications, energy distribution, safety, terminals, maintenance, rights of way, environmental reports, etc.) were out and debugged.

All this would have involved an expenditure of a hundred million dollars or more and would be only a beginning. Much of this effort would have had to be repeated for other cities because of the importance of bringing prices down by realizing as much commonality as possible in equipment and software for multiple installations. Then the private concern would have to design, build and tool up several plants to start producing the specifically required hardware, refine it by full-scale testing and manufacture parts in some quantity to be sure of price and quality before taking on contracts for shipment and installation. If the company had gone this far (it would by now have made over a billion-dollar investment) and had done everything perfectly would it then have succeeded in selling a system to Los Angeles? That is extremely doubtful. Who exactly is this customer we have labeled Los Angeles? What does Los Angeles truly want and how are its requirements being decided? Can Los Angeles raise the procurement funds? Hundreds of separate (and often quarrelling, apathetic or self-seeking) groups, both private and governmental, are involved in the answers to these questions.

Potentially beneficial as the proper application of transportation technology might be, the market in any given city is not formed. The "risk-to-return" ratio would be absurdly high for the private corporation electing to develop this field. The start-up cost would be huge. Even assuming eventual success, the time to payoff would be too long and the city or county government's eventual approach to the pricing of the service, fundamental to the promise of return on the private investment, would be too unpredictable.

ENVIRONMENTAL TECHNOLOGY

Done suitably, with a mixture of creativity and common sense, the selective depolluting of major lakes, rivers, harbors and coastal waters stands to yield a good return on the investment in health, quality of life and economic gain through preservation and maintenance of vital natural resources. To achieve practical results, much more scientific research and technological work is needed to understand pollution phenomena more deeply, develop superior non-polluting approaches to use of the waters, and produce a myriad of specialized equipment. Of course, such technical effort would be meaningless or misguided without attention to all the complex interface problems.

What company, or group of companies, would invest in a private overall systems solution for, say, depolluting Lake Erie? This would mean their setting out, with their own funds, to settle the many interactions and to develop the new chemical processes, superior purification and fuel-burning methods, optimum energy-use techniques and the rest. Many specific and dificult scientific and engineering advances would be vital for an intelligent, broad changeover to an integrated lower pollution system. But in what context should the individual technological efforts be chosen? What criteria should be used? Even if a combine could be created of, say, five large corporations that among them possessed all the technical expertise required, how could they presume to design and install a system that would affect the economy and social makeup of the industrialized communities of millions of citizens distributed around the lake?

COAL

By all-out use of science and technology and the full cooperation of government and private industry (neither of which is in the cards today), we could have a plentiful supply of energy for hundreds of years by properly utilizing our huge reserves of coal. Existing technological beginnings can be advanced to desulphurize coal, produce liquid and gaseous fuel from it, mine it more safely, obtain a good deal of it without mining (in situ), burn it more cleanly and more fully and limit environmental harm. The resulting energy supply would be higher priced than today's oil, in part to write off the cost of the technological advancen but the funds to pay for the fuel would stay in the U.S.

Success requires both the know-how of private industry and enormous capital placed at risk. A corporation choosing to make a major entry into synthetic gas or liquid fuel from coal by new technology would have to commit funds in the range of billions of dollars, and decades might pass

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before a return on that investment could be realized. Indeed, such return might never come, so great are the risks associated with unpredictable government decisions on critical aspects. The complete "system" involves a host of private and public organizations that are semi-autonomous and not readily directed by any one body: landowners, mine operators, labor unions, railroads, power generating and water supply utilities, numerous engineering and manufacturing organizations, county and state governments and many, many agencies in the federal government that deal with prices, environment, labor and transport, to name only a portion. It is not difficult to appreciate why we are not moving very rapidly in developing and applying new coal technology.

Few doubt that energy will be more costly in the era ahead. But with a plentiful supply at the higher price level—in contrast to a subsidized, low-priced and low-quantity supply—the United States could prosper, some students of the problem would tell us. If we could bring ourselves to design a national program around the realistic expectancy of a gradually higher price (say, up to twice today's price), we might well discover that private investment would become available and private know-how would be applied to ensure adequate supplies. This would be, of course, because the return on investment would justify the investment. Such a program would require viewpoints by the government and the public differing from the present ones built around the politically popular, but unrealistic and inconsistent, policy that preaches conservation while subsidizing low-priced energy.

FUSION ENERGY

Controlled thermonuclear fusion has the possibility of providing us with cheap and plentiful energy. Many millions of dollars have already been spent trying to understand the underlying physics. It is estimated by most experts that decades will be required before all of the remaining physical scientific and engineering details are worked out sufficiently for this approach to energy supply to be ready for application. It may turn out that it never will prove feasible. The total costs in the start-up phase are in the billions of dollars, maybe in the tens of billions. When we have to speak of funding at such levels, time durations of decades, and major doubts as to basic technological feasibility, we are beyond the boundaries of areas suitable for speculative investment by private entities.

FUTURES

Now what does all this add up to? The high potential for science and technology to benefit the society more and at the same time the difficulty in obtaining the benefits; the inability of free enterprise to encompass more than a fraction of the sponsorship; the limitation on the capability of the government to take over where the private sector cannot provide the desirable advances. What views and policies should we promote as steps to improve the situation?

Let me offer some specific recommendations to the four concerned entities: the free enterprise sector, the government, the universities and the public.

Those interested in preserving the free enterprise system (such as leaders of big business and others who see the free market and the private enterprise concept as valuable routes toward utilization of advanced technology) should accept that ours is a hybrid society. It is not helpful and oftentimes harmful to press so hard, as these supporters of the private sector often do, for free enterprise to be labeled as the all-encompassing answer to all problems. Free enterprise should be understood as able only to provide a part of our needs. A creative, cooperative relationship between the private sector and the government should be sought, and the often present adversary relationship should be eliminated.

Government leaders should recognize the government's involvement in scientific and technological matters to be permanent and set a long-range policy for that involvement. It should answer such questions as: Which research and development areas must the government sponsor, and which are best left to free enterprise? How can the required regulatory duties of the government and the setting of the rules for free enterprise be handled so as to enhance and not impair national innovative effort?

The government should appreciate the broad impact of science and technology on virtually every important government decision-making area, and count a healthy scientific and technological effort in the country as vital to the overall national economy. The government should itself be innovative in creating a national environment for innovation. It should direct its sponsorship in scientific and technological matters toward the generation of information to remove risks and thus to enhance the contribution that can be made by free enterprise.

The government should resist the creating of new government research and development efforts and expenditures to enhance innovation in private industry. Instead, the government should act on the premise that improved use of science and technology will quickly follow an improvement in the economy, this improvement characterized by less inflation, taxes and government spending, with discretionary funds for investment in innovation more available to the private sector.

The universities should teach elementary economics to every graduate, so that at least these members of the citizenry would understand such concepts as cost of capital, return on investment, consumption-investment tradeoffs, causes of inflation and the fundamentals of the free enterprise system. The universities also should mount increased efforts to discover and develop innovative talent.

Furthermore, the research programs in the universities should be enhanced to include greater emphasis on the relationships between advancing science and technology and the social-political-economic structure of the nation. The universities should aspire to be a source of innovative ideas about innovation, including the articulating of alternatives for restructuring the nation's institutions so as to enhance the possibilities of our employing the tools of science and technology to the greatest advantage on behalf of the society.

The public would do well to foster neither of the two extreme views: free enterprise alone can do everything best; free enterprise is bad and the government must do everything. If the public is interested in the flexibility, freedom of opportunity, motivation and incentives of free enterprise, then it should recognize that free enterprise can only contribute to the nation's needed research and development if private industry is allowed to generate the necessary funds for investment. "Profits" should be applauded if they are reinvested boldly and wisely for research and development. Finally, the public should get over its anti-technology prejudices. It should decide once and for all that science and technology are not independent, external enemies but the public's own tools, and get on with seeing that these tools are used to achieve the goals the citizens choose.

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IN PRAISE OF SCIENCE

by Philip Handler

For two centuries, concern has occasionally welled up for the societal consequences of one or another technology. But until recently, science itself was viewed by society as an autonomous venture of high integrity whose conduct is best left to science. That wall has been breached, probably forever.

There's been public pressure not to undertake certain studies because of fear that society might not be able to live with the answers gained in investigations.

I cannot easily condone any abridgement of the freedom of scientific inquiry. Historically, freedom of inquiry, like freedom of speech, religion, the press and assembly came to be cherished precisely as the scientific search for truth freed mankind from dogmatic religious and political thought. Scientific inquiry has challenged the dogma of an authoritarian world for 400 years. It has freed men's minds as it has eased their toil. And it was Thomas Jefferson who said, "There is no truth on earth that I fear to be known."

Neither law nor tradition confer an absolute right of freedom from all restraints, but we need accept no constraints other than those found essential to protect other values that we cherish from injury. To use the power of government for the suppression of ideas—ideas that might otherwise flow from research—would take us back to an era of dogmatism. In the long run, it is impossible to stand in the way of the exploration of truth that someone will learn somewhere, sometime. It remains evident that science cannot be planned very far into the future. That we shall be surprised is the only certainty.

The governments of countries that plan central economies plan research and development to accelerate attainments of the societies they already have in mind. We prefer to evolve, to accept a pluralistic approach to our future and to have the multiple instrumentalities of our society—universities, government, industry—engaged in the research and development that they find most appropriate, and then let us all choose, however awkwardly, which of their products to adopt.

We've little understanding of the factors that prompted the extraordinary acceleration of science in Europe two centuries ago—or the subtle circumstances that caused the technological torch to move from Europe to America a century later. Presumably, some blend of the frontier democracy, primitive capitalism and the entrepreneurial talents of a handful of inventors were involved. But we do know that we now live in an overpopulated, competitive, interdependent world that the United States no longer dominates; that many another once-powerful, prosperous, dominant civilization has disappeared; and that even now we are sharing the torch of technology with several other nations.

Few of us can readily believe that the United States could lose its prominent place in the world, as have other nations within our lifetimes. Somehow, we feel that the United States is exempt. And yet to think so is to fly in the face of history. Many nations at the apex of their power were inwardly doomed when their will power began to falter, and therefore we should be most careful about retreating from the specific challenges of our epoch.

Each noteworthy civilization has grappled with the great problem of its time. For the Greeks, it was the organization of society; for the Romans, the organization of empire; for the Medievalists, the spelling-out of their relationship to God; for the Europeans of the 15th and 16th centuries, mastery of the oceans. And for the last two centuries, it has been the scientific understanding of nature and the creation of an industrial society.

For tomorrow, the challenge is to continue these latter tasks. It is to determine how mankind can live in harmony on this finite globe, establish permanent relationships to its finite shrinking resources as well as with infinite space, and to enable achievement of the individual potentials of individual human beings as we reduce the ravages of disease. If instead, intent on a risk-free society, we succumb to a national failure of nerve, if we always heed the nay-sayers, then again Shakespeare will have been proved prescient in his lines: "There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune. Omitted, all the voyage of their life is bound in shallows and in miseries. On such a full sea are we now afloat; and we must take the current when it serves, or lose our ventures."

Those lines apply to America in the 1980s. Whatever other policies we follow, we can be unabashedly optimistic concerning the prospects for continuing great discoveries in every discipline of science. And yet we should note that even in science the international position of this country is changing. For two decades after the war, the United States conducted the largest, most powerful, most productive scientific endeavor in history, and it has never been more productive than at this moment. But the economic growth of other nations has enabled them also to develop their scientific potential. Today we constitute perhaps one-third of the world effort, albeit our enterprise still seems somewhat disproportionately successful. But it's clear that the others are rapidly gaining; since the fruits of science are universally available, we should be pleased, not dismayed, by that fact, but only so long as we maintain our own scientific capabilities.

Our current malaise stems from a few bad experiences—from the time-delay in meeting the high hopes and expectations raised in the minds of those who appreciate the great power of science, the force of technology. Those expectations have taken on a new light as science has also revealed the true condition of man on earth. And I see no alternative but to address rigorously the principal questions of science and to use our ever widening understanding or increasingly sophisticated technology with grace and charity and wisdom. We're not omnipotent, but neither are we unwitting foils of powerful forces over which we lack control. We've learned not to seek a perfect world. Our joy must be found in those acts by which we exercise our unique capabilities to eradicate what we abhor and to promote that which we value and cherish. I retain my faith that the science that has revealed the most awesome and profound beauties we have yet beheld is also the principal tool that our civilization has developed to mitigate the condition of man.

Dr. Handler has been President of the National Academy of Sciences since 1969.

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THOMAS ALVA EDISON: IN COMMEMORATION OF THE 100TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE INVENTION OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT BULB

Thomas Alva Edison, as sculpted in 1920 by Onorio Ruotolo, the only artist for whom the inventor ever posed in his Menlo Park laboratory. Photograph by permission of Professor Lucio Ruotolo, of Stanford University.

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Some of the people in the cartoon tycoons' vast empire—animation director, ink and paint artist, background man.

(continued from page 28)

Barbera could cut down the number of drawings shot per minute from 1,000 to about 300 or less. By 1959 Disney animator Ub Iwerks had also developed a more practical method of turning out cartoons: a Xerox process for copying animators' original drawings onto transparencies called "cels." Although this technique compromised the line and modeling of the figures, it eliminated a costly, laborious, separate inking process.

These two techniques allowed Hanna and Barbera to produce animated television series on a weekly basis, first for children's shows, then for prime-time television. "Our first prime-time series, *The Flintstones*," says Barbera, "was about a cave man, his family, and friends. We had all this clever stuff with dinosaurs and everyday objects made out of stone, and it wasn't violent either. Well, I took it around to the networks and they thought I was nuts—a cartoon show in prime time? I told them this was an *adult* cartoon show. I must have told the story line five times a day. Finally ABC took a chance for the fall schedule of 1960. The show was a smash. It won an Emmy."

The Flintstones was innovative insofar as the characters were human beings rather than animals; in fact, they were modeled on the Jackie Gleason–Art Carney series, *The Honeymooners* (which had gone off the air in 1957), and plots involved Fred Flintstone's struggle to make ends meet in the Stone Age town of Bedrock. What started out as an adult show was certainly enjoyed by children, and subsequently *The Flintstones* was tailored for Saturday morning, where it now appears on NBC.

Other animation studios emerged in the Sixties and Seventies to claim a share of the Saturday morning market, but none even approached the output of Hanna-Barbera, which has produced more than a hundred different animated series to date, among them series based on Laurel and Hardy, *The Three Musketeers*, and *Moby Dick*. The studio now also produces live-action shows and movie features, including the Emmy Award-winning *The Gathering*, which starred Maureen Stapleton and Edward Asner. Currently in production are *Jesus at XVI*, about Christ as an adolescent, and, the project dearest to Hanna-Barbera's heart, *Heidi's Song*—a full-length animated feature that will depend on animation techniques more reminiscent of the Golden Age of cartoons than of the dreary Saturday morn-

Superfriends—Heroes will never be out.

ings of children's programming.

"We're so proud of *Heidi's Song*," says Barbera from behind his sunglasses. "We're really spending our own money on this one—$8 million—to make it truly special and wondrous. The animation will be the finest we can make, sometimes better than the old Disney days because we know so much more about special effects now. It's the kind of project I'd like to do more of, but the economics are just too rough."

After lunch Joe Barbera and I returned to the studio and I was shown around the facilities by master animator Harry Love (the prime force behind Bugs Bunny and the Road Runner), an old-timer who worked with Disney, Friz Freleng (whose X-rated cartoons of the Sixties were followed by nightmarish adult fantasies of the Seventies), Ralph Bakshi (creator of Fritz the Cat), and other legends of the business. "In the old days," said Love, "an animator would be expected to turn out maybe eight to 10 feet of cartoon a week. For this Saturday morning stuff we've got to turn out 70 feet a week! Some of the old guys used to have their specialties: They'd only draw one character, or they'd just do water, or fire, or something like that. Now, that's all changed. Animators today just make things move.

"Back in the Forties Warner Bros. would spend $35,000 on a cartoon, while Disney would spend $120,000. And it shows. You can't compare them to the Saturday morning cartoons. Another problem is that there just aren't enough animators around today. We were training 200 people in a school right here, but we suspended that program because a lot of the graduates were stolen by the other studios."

We walked through the hallways flanked by small offices full of idea men, story men, master animators, producers, and directors. Then into the cavernous rooms full of background artists, layout artists, inkers, painters, paint checkers, camera operators, Xerox operators, film editors, sound scorers, music scorers and arrangers, dubbing engineers, special-effects people, and then on and on through the labyrinth.

Harry Love pointed out the old-timers who had worked with him at Warners or Disney or MGM. Men who had drawn the original Popeyes, or a sequence in *Fantasia*, or specialized in Daffy Duck. Harry Love himself was one of the original animators of Krazy Kat cartoons, now artifacts in a cinemabilia somewhere. Scholars at the University of California, the American Film Institute, and the French magazine *Cahiers du Cinéma* are cataloguing these men's accomplishments, looking for the story boards used to illustrate an early Mickey Mouse cartoon, plotting the rise and the fall of Gerald McBoing-Boing cartoons, and investigating the sociological significance of Betty Boop in

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relation to the adolescent sex drive.

Harry Love rambled on: "Y'know, Disney spends $8 million on an animated feature and takes two-and-a-half years to make it. That's 90 minutes of animation. For the Saturday morning cartoons Hanna-Barbera turns out *seven* hours of animation every single week. You can't get real quality. But, if the networks said to us, 'Make good cartoons,' we would. We can do it; it just takes time and money. That's why we're all excited about *Heidi's Song*, which won't be ready until 1981. And Disney's making *The Black Hole*—an outer space film combining live action with animation. These things will be beautiful to see."

As we walked through the studio I wondered if the amount of animation viewed by children on Saturday morning might in fact have dulled their appreciation of the wondrous possibilities of beautifully modulated animation. Do children see the difference between a Hanna-Barbera character done in limited animation and a rounded, shadowed, richly colored Hanna-Barbera Tom and Jerry cartoon from the 1940s? Will these children care very much for *Heidi's Song*?

As I passed by a recording session in which a black actor was dubbing a voice onto the animated Black Falcon character, I picked up some safety tips in the dialogue. The Black Falcon was telling a little boy (dubbed by a grown woman) about being careful with electric sockets. I was suddenly struck by the facile condescension of the idea that animated cartoons should be educational, that a panel of "social scientists" should force health and nutrition tips out of the mouths of Black Falcon or Superman or Porky Pig. I could only imagine a Pollyanna world in which Pinocchio cannot be swallowed by a whale because such a plot would be a cruel stereotyping of the leviathan.

Later on, I was encouraged to learn that the truly harmful aspect of cartoons—their mass, and unimaginative, production—is perhaps not so bad as I'd thought. Despite Hanna-Barbera's domination of the Saturday morning schedule, despite their ability to churn out seven hours of animation a week, despite all the wringing of hands over citizens' group pressure, the most popular of all the Saturday morning cartoons is still *The Bugs Bunny—Road Runner Hour*—for reasons, I suspect, that have little to do with cannons, pistols, dynamite, and other instruments of animated destruction. Those characters never condescend to children; indeed, Bugs Bunny and Daffy Duck are closer to the Marx Brothers than to Captain Kangaroo.

Children realize at once that Bugs, Daffy, and Wile E. Coyote are playing out their own fantasies of revenge, aggression, and fair play, as opposed to the current crop of cartoons wherein characters like Casper the Friendly Ghost and Scooby-Doo are reflections of all the imbecilic human characters on prime-time situation comedies. The characters on *The Bugs Bunny—Road Runner Hour* series are sophisticated, but, beyond that, the drawing, the backgrounds, the way a character lifts his foot and casts a shadow still have the ability to rivet the attention of the child and adult because of the stretch and elasticity invested in the flesh of wisecracking rabbits, daffy ducks, and lisping cats.

Joe Barbera remembers how he used to draw Tom and Jerry back at MGM. "The cat would rig up an anvil over the mouse," he says, "and somehow the cat would get in the way and he'd get hit with the anvil—a 10,000-pound anvil!—and the mouse would peel him off the ground, and you'd hear it like a Band-Aid, right? But the cat was in perfect condition in the next sequence. We can't do that stuff anymore. They tell me it's not good for kids to see. I don't understand what they're talking about!"

It occurred to me that the men who own Saturday morning have become too successful at what they once loved best—drawing characters who seem not only lifelike but true to life's complications—and now there's little heart left in them or the characters they create. Which is the definition of television itself: success at the expense of the ineffable quality of true fantasy. For true fantasy, especially in animated terms, gives us the world as it should be, a place where witches get thrown in ovens and cats, just scraped off the sidewalk, bounce back to rounded life again and again and again.

Casper (the friendly one) and his liberated friends, the Angels.

John Mariani is a freelance writer and frequent contributor to Saturday Review.

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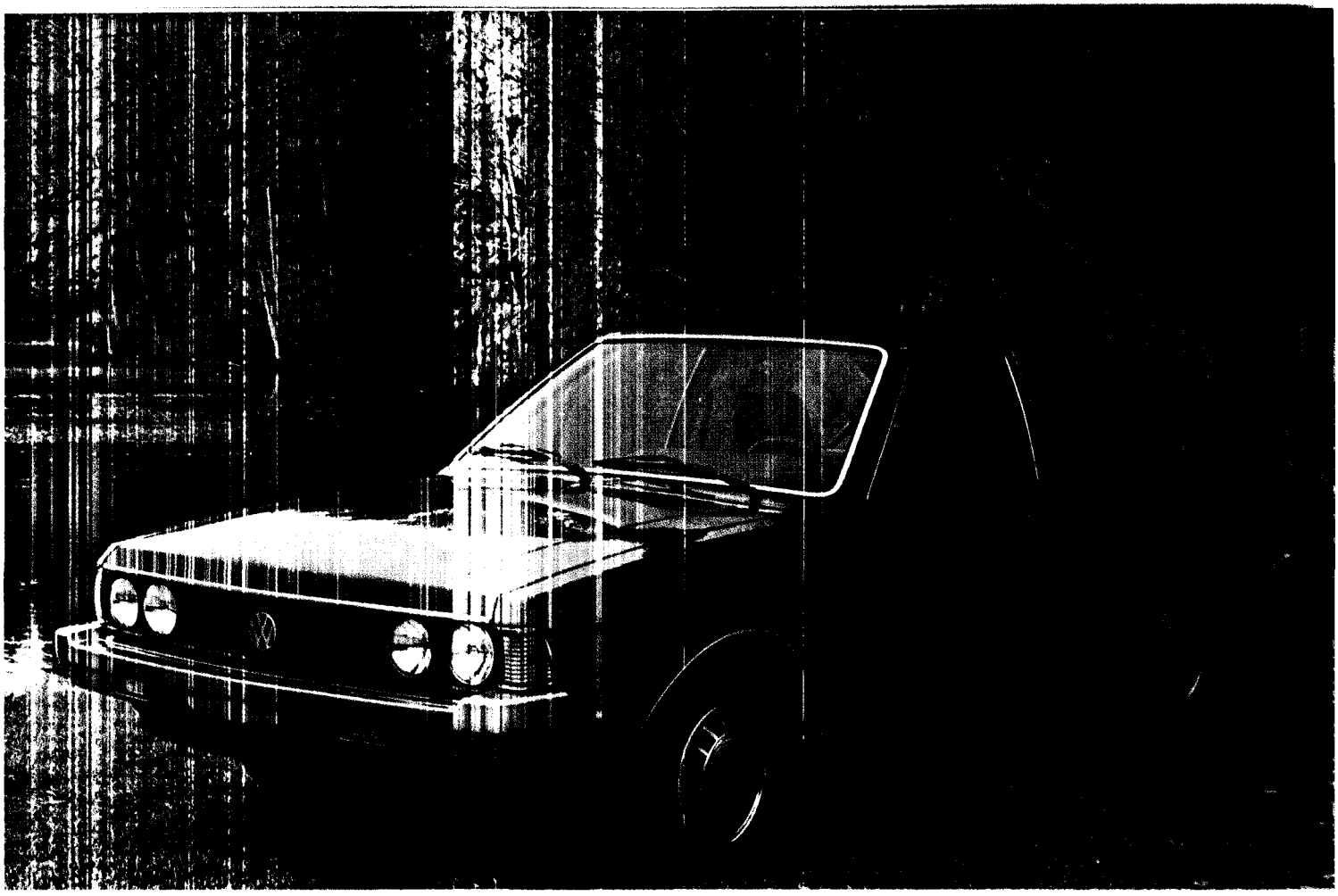

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Down Argentine Way

Patti LuPone as Evita—She sings and acts competently, but it's a bit like the young Debbie Reynolds playing a cobra saint.

THE PROGRAM of *Evita* identifies the lyricist and the composer but no author of the book. This is puzzling before the show, not after it begins, because the narrative of this musical is carried entirely in the score by Tim Rice and Andrew Lloyd Webber. The show tells its story through one relatively formal song after another, sometimes connected by isolated stanzas or versified passages set to music. *Evita* is thus in what some call a new form yet which, like many new forms, is a refurbished old one: the secular oratorio.

But far from that term's suggestion of stiff choristers and statuesque soloists, *Evita* is steeped in theatricality. Writing about the 1968 production of *Hair*, Gerald Bordman says in *American Musical Theatre*, "Staging was coming to outclass even librettos as the mainstay of the modern musical," and the *Evita* people almost seem to have taken Bordman as their text. The settings by Timothy O'Brien and Tazeena Firth materialize and disappear with suggestive fluency; the lighting by David Hersey, which is the most dramatic element in the show, uses even a semicircle of lights sunk in the floor to help mold the playing spaces graphically; and the entire action is placed against a series of film projections that reinforce the story with newsreel shots of the (real-life) principals, atmospheric shots of places, oceanic shots of crowds. Harold Prince staged the piece, much more flexibly and incisively than he staged *Sweeney Todd*. If it's sometimes hard to see where Prince's direction leaves off and Larry Fuller's choreography begins, that's surely part of the production's method. Yet after virtually everything that sheer stagecraft can do has been summoned up to galvanize *Evita*, it runs into a stone wall. It remains narrative, not dramatic; and the authors never make clear why they chose the subject in the first place.

Possibly there is a benighted yak-driver somewhere in Mongolia who doesn't know what that subject is. (In London, where the show had its premiere last year with a different cast—Rice and Webber are English—*Evita* is already a fixed feature of the town, second only to the Tower.) For that yak-driver: Evita is Eva Perón, wife of Juan Perón and co-dictator of Argentina with him, who died in 1952 at 33 and whose short life-span is disproportionate to her effect as politician and personality. We've all known for a long

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time that histrionics is essential to dictatorship: Eva Perón was the only dictator—or co-dictator—who had been a professional actor. We've also known that part of the effect of Hitler and Mussolini was their sexual attraction for millions of women; Eva Perón was the first woman in a position to exercise comparable sexual-political power over millions of men. Her story, tyrannies and all, is fascinating, but more fascinating to read than to see in *Evita*.

Rice and Webber shortchange her. They reduce her to a cunning small-town singer who slithers her way to Buenos Aires, sleeps her way into radio acting, then sleeps her way up the power scale. Whatever her sexual tacking and luffing may have been, boudoir navigation was far from the whole story. She had been a labor organizer, had helped to form the national union of radio employees, had led mass demonstrations: She did considerably more for her future husband than (as she does in the show) advise him to wait for the opportune moment. (And he himself had done more than is shown: he had already headed a secret military group that had overthrown a previous government.)

No one expects a musical to be a political handbook, particularly about a country so remote—tragically remote, I would say—from our close concerns. But when Rice and Webber chose this subject, they assumed some obligation to make the Peróns' rise to power credible in the theater, rather than relying on the extrinsic fact that they *did* rise to power, just as they had some obligation to shape the materials into a cumulative and discerning drama rather than relying on the fact that the actual lives were dramatic. (It's a pitfall that traps many biographical playwrights.) Rice and Webber simply stitch together a line of events, leaning on the lurid ones, then end with Eva's early death from cancer, which is treated more or less as if it were her biggest mistake. (They begin with the death, too: The story is told in flashback.)

Beneath the dramatic feebleness, and causing it, is the sorry truth that Rice and Webber have nothing to "say" about Evita. They provide no insight into her extraordinary combination of beautiful actress's flash, enormous and vindictive ego, and real concern for working people; they don't even fashion a cautionary tale like Brecht's dictator-play, *The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui*. They just pick up a glittering figure from the shelf of history, twirl her a while, then put her back.

They must have had a sense of the show's flatness because, trying to give it some tension and bite, the authors put in a commentator whom they call Che. We're obviously meant to infer that this is Che Guevara, who was a revolutionary in his native Argentina before he went to Cuba, but this Che is not a character, he's a utility infielder. Sometimes he's bitter about the Peróns and gets slugged by their police; sometimes he helps out in the stage-management when the scene needs it; sometimes he's a mere chorus. Instead of deepening the texture he adds to the show's spurious gravity.

Still, despite all the above, the show might have been gripping if the score were good. One of the great myths of the opera and musical-theater worlds is that bad libretti can drive good scores off the stage. I'm not arguing for bad books—even subsumed books, as in *Evita*—but the music is finally what keeps a musical piece alive, or doesn't. (Look at the problematic books of *La Bohème* and *Show Boat*.) The score of *Evita* is banality trying to make a virtue of itself, trying to pass as anticonventional. Like the previous Rice-Webber show, *Jesus Christ Superstar*, this score has just one striking phrase, not even one complete striking song—"Don't Cry for Me, Argentina." The rest is only a series of occasions filled with appropriately wrought stopgaps.

The casting of Evita has the same stopgap quality. Patti LuPone was one of the few bright spots in John Houseman's dreary Acting Company, with a nice nubile vivacity, but here she just can't fill the bill. She sings and acts competently, but it's a bit like the young Debbie Reynolds playing a dazzling cobra-saint. Bob Gunton resembles Perón and sings well enough, but he too leaves the charisma question dangling. As the ubiquitous Che, Mandy Patinkin tries to make bricks without straw, but anyway you can't throw bricks at straw figures.

What Rice and Webber have shown in their two big shows so far is a talent for titles and subjects. I remember the sting of excitement when I first read the title *Jesus Christ Superstar*, the expectations of a new Vulgate, a show that would possibly both use and transcend pop forms. What we got, however, was a *religioso* bath for adolescents. Undashed, I felt the same sting when I read the title *Evita*. But it too is just a fumbled utilization of a rich subject, with (allowing for the switch to Latin rhythms) the same kind of rhetorical score. The mysteries of political power, of political personality are named but not even slightly explored; yet Rice and Webber have arranged things so that the audience can go home, as it did after *Superstar*, feeling good that it has been at more than a mere musical.

—Stanley Kauffmann

With this issue Mr. Kauffmann begins a regular theater column for SR.

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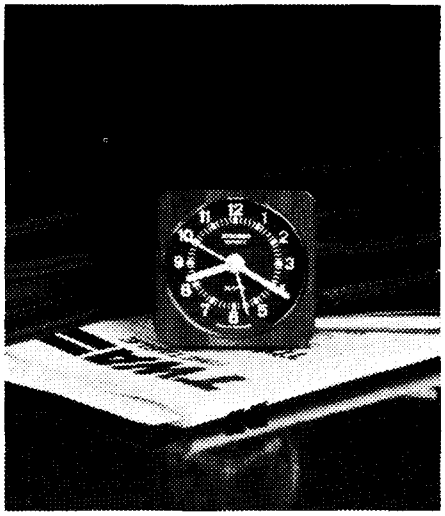

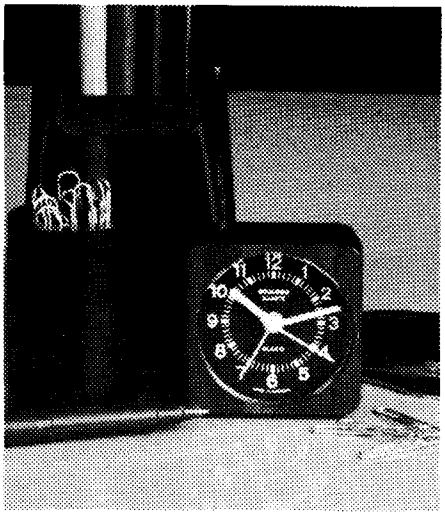

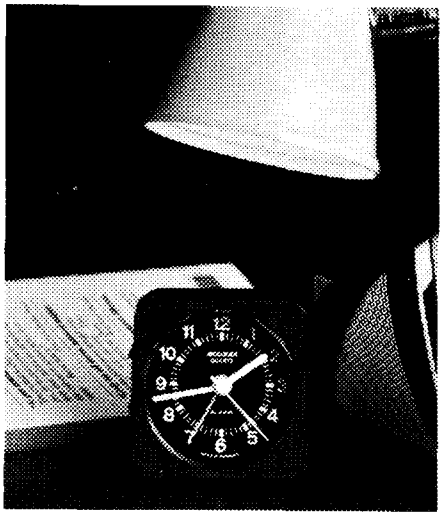

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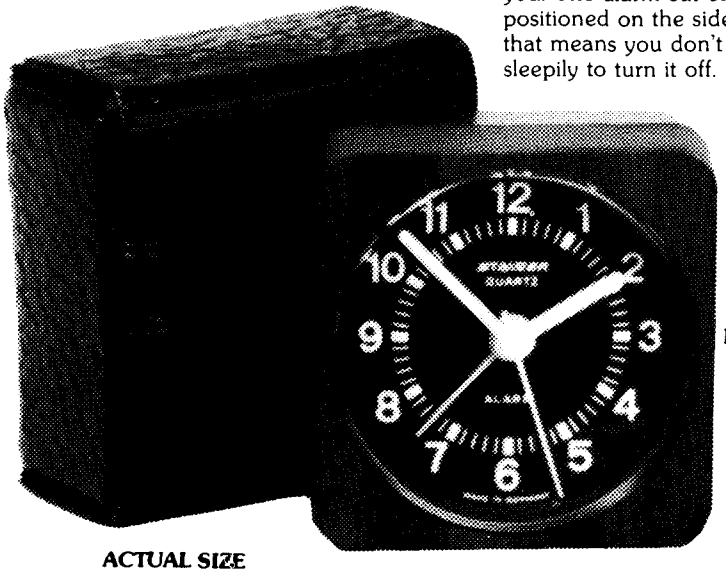

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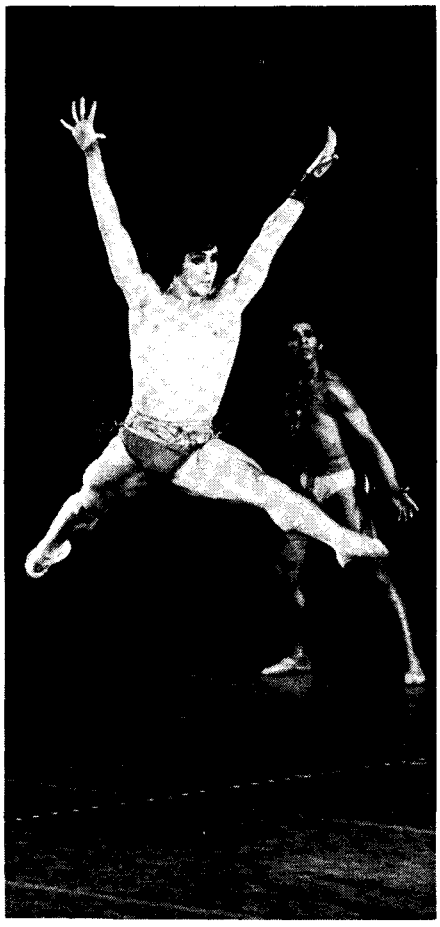
JACK VARTOOGIAN

Vacheslav Gordeyev, Nadezhda Pavlova in Spartacus—*Forceful acting, virtuosic dancing.*

OFTEN IT HAS been said that dance is a universal language. Furthermore, it is a fact that classical ballet, despite its birth in France three centuries ago, is, as a technique of dance expression, wholly international.

But the vocabulary of ballet is also regional, national, even political. Any balletomane knows that, in general, Danish ballet dancers are characterized by charm and ebullience, the English by precision and reserve, the Americans by exuberance, and the Russians by flamboyance. Such vividly different kinetic accents, all within the basic discipline of ballet, were revealed with considerable force when the Bolshoi Ballet (Moscow), the Ballet Nacional de Cuba (Havana), and the Netherlands Dance Theater (The Hague) visited us this past summer.

Alicia Alonso, founder-director of the Ballet Nacional de Cuba, trained in her native Cuba and in the United States before creating and developing a company and, in fact, a dance form uniquely Cuban ("Alicia," *SR*, January 6, 1979). Today, her company and the national ballet schools throughout Cuba that she oversees reflect the centuries-old *danse d'école*, but musical and dramatic movement, accent, and phrasing are unmistakably Latin.



STEVEN CARAS

Orlando Salgado in Canto Vital—*Athletic.*

The repertory of the Ballet Nacional de Cuba includes not only the international ballet masterpieces like *Giselle* and *Swan Lake* (superbly directed by Miss Alonso and danced by her highly disciplined corps). It also has works derived from the writings of Federico Garcia Lorca, and dances—*Rara Avis* (a lovely, exotic ballet about tropical birds), *Tarde en la Siesta* (to music of Cuba's Ernesto Lecuona), and a number of lesser pieces—inspired by Spanish or Latin-American poets and composers. Cuba's best, or most promising, choreographer is by far Alberto Mendez, whose training has been solely Hispanic and Latin American.

The company's choreographers are not all Cuban. In *Canto Vital*—an Olympic-style exercise that never fails to have audiences cheering with pleasure—the choreographer is the Bolshoi dancer, Azari Plisetski (brother of the great prima ballerina assoluta, Maya Plisetskaya). This male *pas de quatre* celebrates the Cuban male's super-virility, and also seems to have socialist party or "Young Pioneers" overtones, since dramatic gestures of proselytizing pepper the otherwise wholly athletic work. And in matters of casting, deliberately or by chance, it presents the racial heritages of Cuba, with dancers who are Spanish, African, Carib and Arawak Indian, and mestizo.

THE BOLSHOI BALLET brought, for its American tour, a repertory of ballets all choreographed by the troupe's artistic director, Yuri Grigorovich. These ranged from a wholly new version of the Prokofiev *Romeo and Juliet*—the original Leonid Lavrovsky version, first performed 40 years ago, is still done when the Bolshoi Ballet plays in the huge Palace of Congresses in the Kremlin—to his highly original staging of *Swan Lake*, which retains only a few key sections of the Petipa-Ivanov choreography in Acts II and III. The choreography in all is dramaturgic, but it is a dramatic dance style unique to Russia. Grigorovich abjures the use of traditional mime and its set vocabulary of gestures and, instead, incorporates highly charged acting with virtuosic dancing. The expressional, but subtle, influences of modern dance innovators like Agnes de Mille, Antony Tudor, Jerome Robbins, and England's Sir Frederick Ashton are absent chiefly because the Soviets have no modern dance tradition and no contemporary contacts.

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THE NETHERLANDS DANCE THEATER, founded 20 years ago in The Hague by Ben Harkarvy, has always leaned strongly toward modern dance. Harkarvy himself was classically trained and highly admired as a teacher of traditional ballet, but in order to introduce American modern dance trends he put such choreographers as John Butler and Glen Tetley in the fore in matters of repertory. Harkarvy remained at the helm for a decade and, after interim directors, the Czech-born Jiri Kylián became artistic director and principal choreographer. Kylián, at 32, has combined the technique of classical ballet with the dynamics and expressive powers of modern dance in a highly original, enormously exciting way.

Under Kylián, who defected from Czechoslovakia eleven years ago, the Netherlands Dance Theater is not noticeably Dutch in the sense that the Bolshoi is strongly Russian-flavored and the Ballet Nacional indisputably Hispanic. For Kylián is allowed to mold his company to his genius—and his genius to the particular talents of his company. Because of the recent burst of international acclaim he has received, Kylián is now welcome to come and go in his homeland, just as Ivan Nagy, Hungary's most famous dancing defector, has been welcomed back by his country. Kylián has even been invited to stage some of his ballets in Prague. But if he had remained in Czechoslovakia as a young choreographer, would he have been permitted to create his magnificent *Symphony of Psalms* (Stravinsky) or his towering *Glagolitic Mass* (Janacek, the Czech composer)? Will he be allowed to introduce them now? Religion and even themes with the slightest religious overtones are not acceptable material to the Communist governments.

It is no secret that Grigorovich himself must have his ideas for his company approved by pertinent government officials and that his completed choreography can be tampered with by party members. Furthermore, in his early years Grigorovich never had an opportunity to be exposed to, let alone study, other approaches to ballet, other forms of highly individual dance experiments outside his native land. The Cubans appear to be keeping their gifted Alberto Mendez busy at home, yet if he were permitted or encouraged to study and observe repertory seasons, choreographic conferences, and the like in, say, the United States, his range and contemporaneity would be greatly extended—just as Alicia Alonso's has been, thanks to her experiences with Tudor, De Mille, Robbins, Balanchine, Fokine, and even choreographers of Broadway musicals.

One of the major attributes of classical ballet is indeed that it is an international language subject to a rich variety of accents and dialects. But if the uncensored voice of the individual artist is not heard, the voice cannot be eloquent. One can only guess at what Grigorovich, with his turbulent Russian talent, might have achieved if he had been as free as Balanchine or Robbins or Ashton. More than a century ago, Denmark's August Bournonville enjoyed studies and experiences in Italy, Spain, and Russia. The results: ballet masterpieces, all unmistakably Danish. As classical ballet moves into its fourth century, one hopes that the rich national accents it has absorbed will continue to be cherished, but, in company with the individual artists, will remain free of all political pressures.

—Walter Terry

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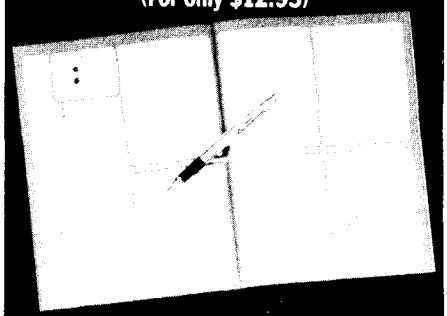

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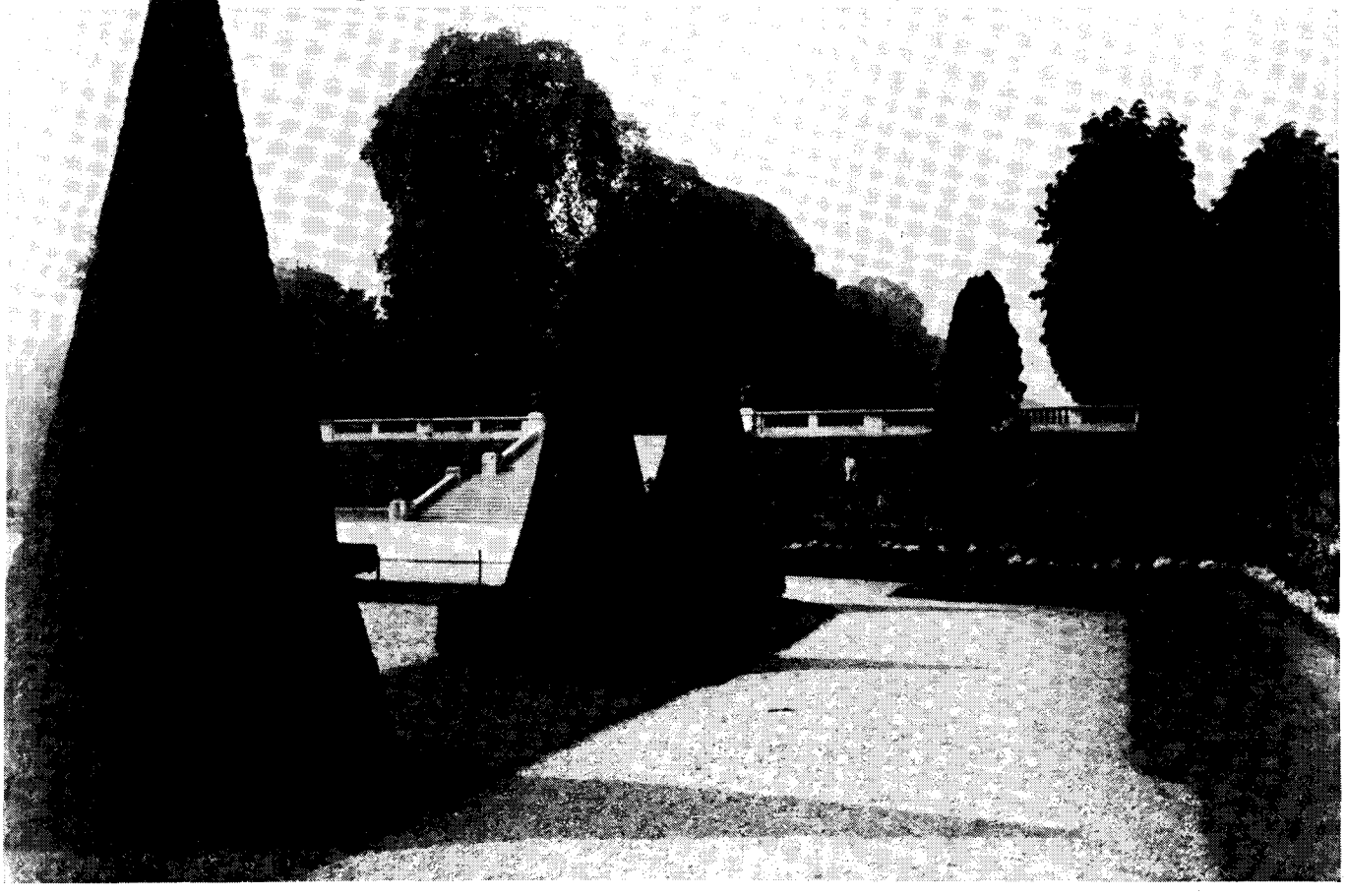
Books for Christmas Giving

Hibernal life, as the word implies, requires that we perfect the art of passive enjoyment. A vast pile of gaudy books thus accompanies us into every winter like a clown brought in to cheer up a bed-ridden child. Among this year's crop of adornments to coffee table and hearth rug (does anyone still own a hearth rug?) are a trance-like photographic vision of Paris, a vicarious inspection of the snow-bound glories of Leningrad's Hermitage Museum, and a children's book with the entirely plausible tale of a little boy transformed into a TV set. Critics Owen Edwards, James Mellow, and Ted Morgan examine the baubles on this year's literary Christmas tree.



St.-Cloud, where Atget turned a garden into a very nearly unearthly delight.

Photo Finish

by Owen Edwards

IF YOU BOUGHT gold a few years back instead of photographs, I can only offer my consolation. Gold has made a tidy gain, of course, but an Ansel Adams "Moonrise over Hernandez" that cost $150 ten years ago was resold at New York's Witkin Gallery last month for $12,000. An Irving Penn study of New Guinea tribesmen that went for $1,000 two years ago was auctioned during the past summer for four times that amount. Some may still argue that photography is not an art, but no sensible soul will now deny that photographs are an estimable form of currency.

The bull market has had a spillover effect on the publishing industry. If this year's remarkably varied array of photography books is any indication, publishers seem to feel that picture books are as sure a venture as pictures are gilt-edged investments.

How else to explain such a mammoth project (perhaps mastodonic describes it better) as the Dover Publications' edition of Eadweard Muybridge's vast study of **Human and Animal Locomotion** ($85 to December 31, thereafter $100). In three volumes—weighing over 17 pounds—with a scholarly and informative introduction by Anita Ventura Mozley, curator of photography at the

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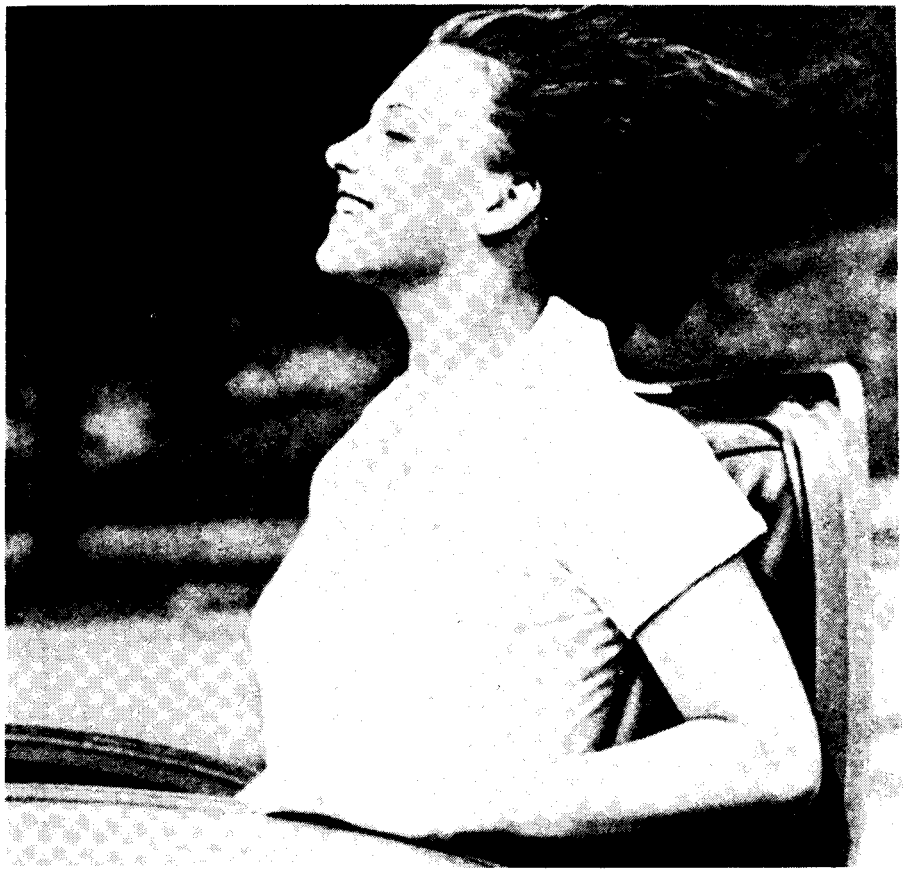
Stanford University Museum of Art, the books reproduce—impeccably—all of the 781 plates (almost 20,000 photographs) from Muybridge's original gravure edition, originally published in 1887.

Muybridge, an Englishman who had made a reputation as a landscape photographer in the American West, began what was to be his revolutionary work, dissecting motion, when a California horse owner asked him to prove photographically that a galloping horse at some time in his stride has all four hooves off the ground at once. After successfully establishing that horses are, in fact, momentarily airborne, Muybridge improved on his technique and began a heroic investigation of human and animal movement. Only 37 complete sets of the work were published, and few of those remain intact.

During recent years individual plates have been sold in galleries and rare-book stores, not as pieces of scientific history but as art photography. The change in evaluation is typical of the way photography is revised by time and fashion, but indeed many of the Muybridge studies, like DaVinci's drawings of anatomy, are exquisite beyond the needs of scientific investigation. Taken *en masse*, however, the effect of these studies is stultifying. They seem to go on forever, and the beauty of the extraordinary few is buried in an avalanche of muscular men heaving 75-pound rocks; voluptuous maidens getting into and out of hammocks (an eccentric sonata with 67 movements); and camels running, their humps alternately port and starboard. Though doubtless essential to any definitive library of photography books, the Dover Muybridge tomes are not exactly the perfect companions for a long February night.

Movement, photography, and the widening range of picture books have also combined—in a lighter and more diverting way—to produce **Style in Motion** (Potter/Crown,$25), a collection of photographs by Martin Munkacsi. Working mostly for *Harper's Bazaar*, in a highly successful collaboration with editor Carmel Snow and art director Alexei Brodovitch, Hungarian-born Munkacsi brought the immediacy of news photography to the

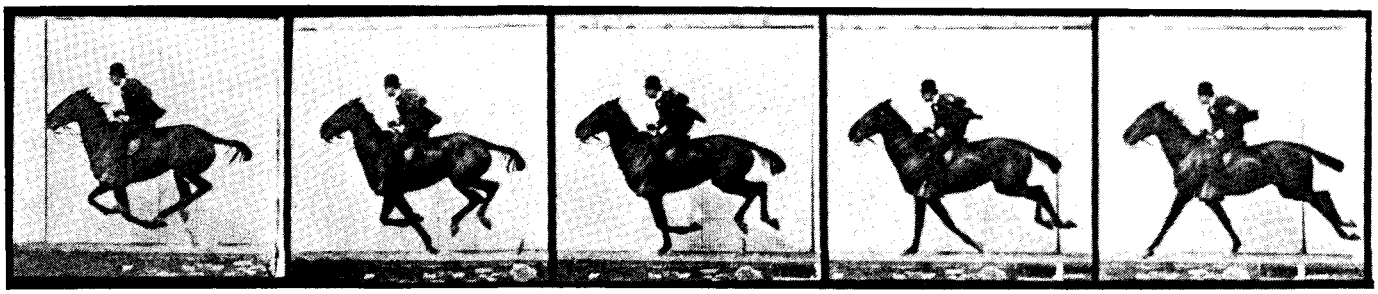


Munkacsi's "The Wind's Fiancée," cover of Berliner Illustrirte Zeitung, *September 18, 1932*

stiff, airless artificiality of American fashion magazines. Richard Avedon has said that the world of fashion photography today is peopled by "Munkacsi's babies" (the very best of them is Avedon himself), and Munkacsi's effect on magazines cannot be overestimated. Produced by former *Bazaar* editor Nancy White and John Esten, the book offers a delight on almost every page.

Atget's Gardens, assembled and written by William Howard Adams, with an introduction by Jacqueline Onassis (Doubleday, $19.95), is a 120-page tour through what are very nearly unearthly delights. It is hard to think of another photographer who as clearly as Eugene Atget exemplifies the mysterious fact that photographs have the power to transcend the intentions of their makers; that the camera seems, sometimes, to be directly in touch with our intuitions, able blithely to bypass the busy stratagems of our rhymes and reasons. Atget, who did not take up photography until he was 40, trudged around Paris and its environs with his cumbersome view camera in a determined effort to record wonders that seemed in danger of being erased by time and progress. Documents were what he sought, but subtly surreal visions to rival de Chirico are what he got. Photographing in the empty hours and hollow light of early morning, Atget created his own special gardens at Versailles, St.-Cloud, Sceaux, and Arcueil, gardens that are echoing, ghostly, poised at the edge of vanishing like a prophet's dream, beautiful beyond any explanation. Whether he meant to be or not, Atget is one of photography's great poets, and the book is a world to wander through, lost and astonished.

The surreal in a more obvious vein, frequently wry but more than occasionally forced and confused, has been collected in **Fantastic Photographs**, with



Eadweard Muybridge's revolutionary work—proof that a galloping horse is at some point in its stride airborne.

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a text by Attilio Colombo and a selection of photographs assembled by Lorenzo Merlo and Claude Nori (Pantheon, $17.95 cloth, $8.95 paper). Arguably, photography is by its peculiar nature surreal, and through the work of 112 photographers from all over the world, the authors give a remarkable sampling of how energetically this notion is being tested. My personal preference is for photography that implies the inexplicable rather than that which tries to illustrate it—the strange wonder of an Atget garden rather than a Boschian vision of dancing vegetables created in the darkroom—and the latter sort of technically manipulated imagery tends to dominate *Fantastic Photography*. Nevertheless, the book is frequently funny, disturbing, perplexing, and always provocative.

Unquestionably, the year's "big" photography book is Ansel Adams's **Yosemite and the Range of Light** (New York Graphic Society/Little, Brown, $75). Justifiably or not, Adams is America's unofficial photographer laureate: famous, widely respected, and, most importantly, easy to understand. (That his work represents many ambiguities will be the subject of a future column.) Adams has hiked around Yosemite for years, and has probably seen its awesome terrain in more variations of weather and light than three or four generations of bears. Though short on imagination and originality, his pictures are full of mood, change, and majesty, and the printing, by Pacific Lithographic Company in San Francisco, is nearly as exquisite as the original prints. Photographed in the same old safe and sure way, however, even nature at its grandest may not be enough.

Should there be room at the top of the Christmas stocking, two smaller books are worth mentioning. **The Champion Pig,** edited by Barbara Norfleet (Godine, $15.95), is subtitled *Great Moments in Everyday Life*, and it is just that: a collection of pictures that commemorate life's watersheds—the marriages, 4H prizes, baptisms, and car purchases that affect our lives more directly, if less profoundly, than business and politics and lofty national priorities. Though it may be a bit embarrassing to see ourselves in these funny, minor mementos, it is impossible not to. **The American Image** (Pantheon, $20 cloth, $10 paper) covers similar territory, but on a more grandiose scale. On 224 pages, the book sketches out a fast, reverberant visual history of the nation drawn from the five million or so photographs in the National Archives. Whimsical, peculiar, eccentric, touching, the collection is a powerful reminder of the vastness and complexity of America's brief history. ◉

The Russians, and Others, Are Coming

by James R. Mellow

On the cultural front, if not in the political arena, there is a decided thaw in American-Soviet relations. No less than seven of the current season's art volumes deal with the magnificent treasures of Russia's museums, remote and inaccessible to most art lovers, or with some special province of Russian art or art history. All of the books have been either issued by Russian publishers or produced in collaboration with American and English firms; most of them have texts written by Russian scholars, and all are lavishly illustrated.

Western European Painting in the Hermitage, introduced by Boris Piotrovsky, director general of the museum (Abrams, $40), is a broad survey of the collection of Western art in Leningrad's Hermitage Museum. The works range from the shy madonnas of Fra Angelico and the robust, unembarrassed nudes of Rubens to the somber proletarian portraits of the contemporary Italian painter, Renato Guttuso, most of them acquired by rapacious czars and czarinas, wealthy noblemen, and cultural commissars over a period of two centuries. Essentially a luxurious picture book, the brief text recounts the history of the museum from the 18th century, when it served as the well-stocked Winter Palace and cozy, mouse-infested "retreat" of Catherine the Great (herself an avid collector of Dutch and Flemish masters), to its present status as a historic monument, housing some 8,000 canvases, half of which represent

Early 11th-century embossed icon, Nakipari. From The Arts of Ancient Georgia.

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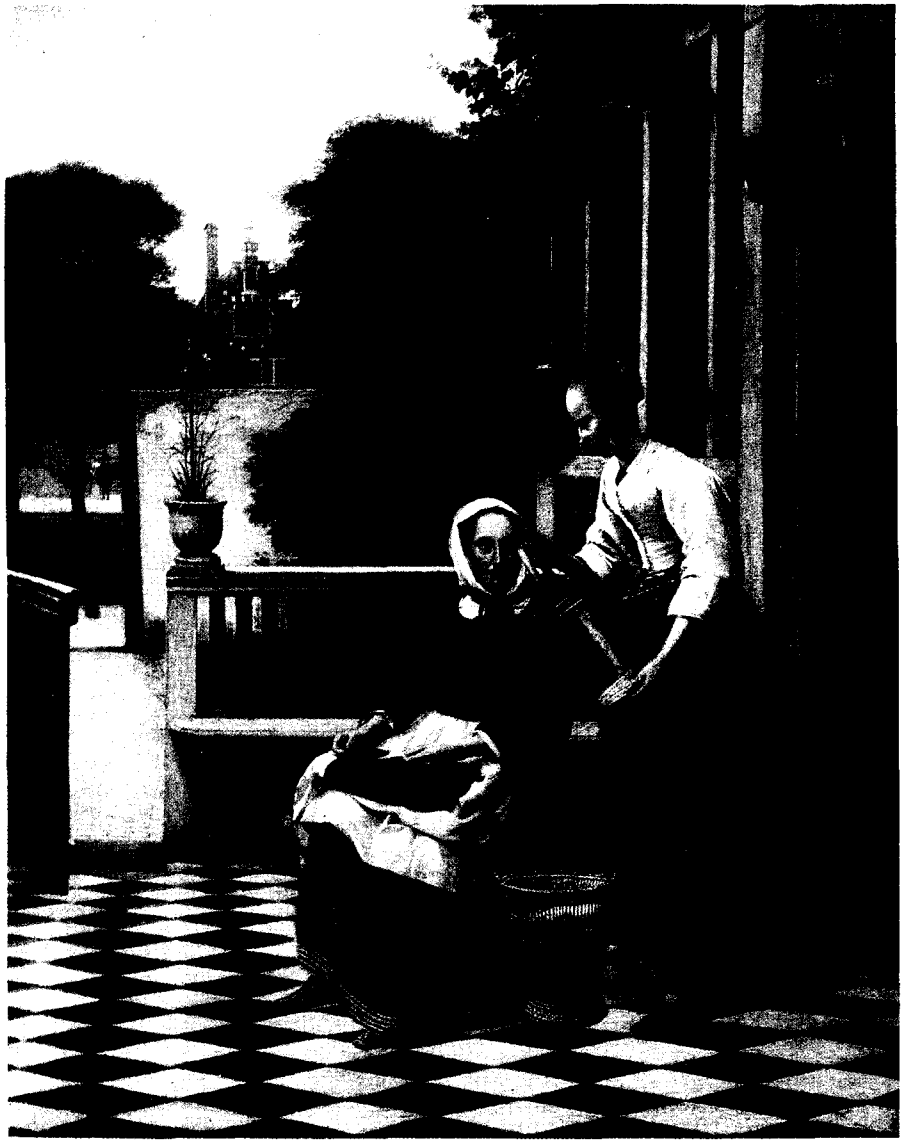
the great epochs of Western painting. A scaled-down, competitive volume, **The Hermitage: Western European Painting** (Control Data Arts/Aurora Art Publishers, Leningrad $5.95), offers fewer colorplates in a slightly smaller format, but is equally well produced.

One who had suspicions that Matisse, that eminently bourgeois celebrant of *luxe, calme, volupté*, would prove a more congenial artist to Soviet authorities than his radical counterpart, Picasso (who joined the Communist Party late in his life), could cite as evidence **Henri Matisse**, introduction by A. Izerghina (Control Data/Aurora, $45). An attractively produced, scholarly catalogue of the 61 works of painting and sculpture—including the major decorative panels, *Dance* and *Music*, in the Hermitage and in the Pushkin Museum (Moscow)—it is one of a series of monographs on "outstanding artists" to be issued by the Soviet publishers. (Curiously, no Picasso volume has been announced, although the Hermitage Museum alone boasts of some 36 Picassos.)

That most important moment in Soviet political and cultural history, the Revolution of 1917, is the subject of an unusual volume, **Art of the October Revolution**, introduced by Mikhail Guerman (Abrams/Aurora, $25). From the outset of the Red uprising, vanguard Russian artists—Kandinsky, Malevich, Tatlin, Rodchenko, among them—flocked to the service of the cause, creating the public monuments, painting the posters, decorating the sides of agitprop trains with revolutionary slogans—a kind of inspired political graffiti. Fresh from their experiments in Cubism and Futurism, radical artists served on the bureaucratic cultural committees, arranged the artistic affairs of the new state. The honeymoon of radical art and revolutionary politics, however, did not last. By the 1930s, when socialist realism became the official art style of the Stalinist regime, all forms of modernism were rigorously suppressed and the art works sequestered in the storerooms of Russian museums. That the Soviet authorities relented to the extent of loaning the once-outlawed works to the enormous *Paris-Moscow* exhibition at the Pompidou Center in Paris this past summer, and have now cooperated in the production of this book indicate a shift in Communist cultural doctrine.



"Mistress and Maid," Peter DeHooch. Western Painting in the Hermitage Museum.

The text for *Art of the October Revolution* has been written by a Soviet historian and represents the official or, as it has been described, the "authentic view" of the events—which means that it says little about the fate of the movement or the artists, many of whom went into exile or disappeared permanently during the height of the Stalinist purges. Nevertheless, this is an important book partly because of the extraordinary documentary photographs (from Soviet archives) showing the proliferating monuments to revolutionary heroes, the painted trains, the mass theatrical spectacles that celebrated a unique moment in the history of modern art.

Two books, **Early Russian Icon Painting**, by M.V. Alpatov (Control Data/Iskusstvo, $47.50), and **Byzantine Art in the Collections of Soviet Museums**, introduction and notes by Alice Bank (Abrams/Aurora, $40), explore that quintessentially Russian art form, the icon. The Alpatov volume is marred by a long-winded, pedantic bilingual text (with a frequently inelegant translation) and occasionally fuzzy colorplates. The Abrams volume should be of much more interest to the general reader since it covers the spectrum of Byzantine art from a much-damaged but still powerful 6th-century icon of *John the Baptist* to a magnificently carved 11th-century ivory diptych representing the *Twelve Feasts of the Church*. A third volume, **The Arts of Ancient Georgia**, by Rusudan Mepisashvili and Vakhtang Tsintsadze (Thames and Hudson, $29.95), offers a stunning survey of the arts of the Black Sea Soviet republic, ranging from its ancient, towered fortress-dwellings to the extravagantly carved stonework of its 11th-century chapels. The photographs of the architecture and the art objects are striking; the text, by a husband-and-wife team of Georgian historians, is scholarly, readable and highly informative.

Mae West, while playing an outrageous Catherine the Great, in the arms of her soldier-lover who was extolling the beauty of her hair, her eyes, her lips, her form, was moved to ask: "Are you making love or taking inventory?" This season's Russian art books appear to be doing both.

Turning to the 19th-century masters: **Degas**, by Ian Dunlop (Harper & Row, $37.50), is a first-rate study of the French Impressionist, an artist with an eye for the telling detail and the revealing gesture. Dunlop is alert to Degas's special vision, a merger of the beautiful and the awkward—the mysterious ugli-

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ness of a singer, openmouthed in the glaring footlights, the wry charm of two women trying on hats beside a garden plot of flowered millinery. The illustrations are particularly apt—a chronicle of family affairs, concerts at home, days at the races, evenings at the ballet—the world of privileged bourgeois pleasures that Degas had made his own before his eyesight grew dim and he was left an embittered relic of a bygone time, dying in 1917 at the age of 83. "What an infamous century," he remarked of the new age with its wars and revolutions, its absence of patrician manners.

Gustave Moreau, by Jean Selz (Crown, $5.95), is a serviceably written monograph on the Symbolist painter whose androgynous nudes and obsessive classical themes—Sappho, Perseus and Andromeda, Oedipus and the Sphinx—found such overwhelming favor with his contemporaries, including Degas, who was, ordinarily, the most hardhearted of critics. An overrated artist, but a generous and inspiring teacher, Moreau continues to figure prominently in all art histories, partly one suspects through his encouragement of his most important student, Henri Matisse.

His views on women artists, however, were rabid. "The intrusion of woman into art would be an irremediable disaster," Moreau claimed, maintaining that women were "devoid of any genuine creative gifts." As a rebuttal of that blatant opinion, we have **Mary Cassatt**, by Jay Roudebush (Crown, $5.95), a monograph of the Impressionist painter who, despite the fact she never married or had any children, was known for her tender portraits of mothers and children and who, although she remained an expatriate in France where she was regarded as a peer by her Impressionist colleagues, resolutely told her French biographer: "I am American. Simply and frankly American." Like her friend Degas ("He is dreadful! He dissolves your will power," she said of him, with admiration), Cassatt had a taste for the compositional audacities of the Japanese print, the cropping and foreshortening that she used to strengthen her portraits of sleepy children in the arms of adoring women. The combination of structural rigor and sentimental subject gave her work a peculiar tension that is noticeable in the illustrations in this volume. (It did not always satisfy Degas, however, who once muttered before one of her paintings: "The Infant Jesus and his English nurse!")

"Eli" (1963), Alex Katz.—Easy-to-take style, sociable tones. Alex Katz.

"The Bath" (ca. 1891), Mary Cassatt—Sentimental subjects, rigorous structure. Mary Cassatt.

But the most able defense of women in art, this season, is **The Obstacle Race**, by Germaine Greer (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $25), an intelligently written and illustrated history of achievement and neglect that ranges from the work of a 12th-century cloistered nun named Ermengarde to that of the Russian modernists Natalia Goncharova and Liubova Popova. Through eight years of research and travel, Greer, author of *The Female Eunuch*, has resurrected the buried lives and works of hundreds of women artists, ferreting out such arcane examples as the eight daughters, nieces, granddaughters, and grand-nieces of the American painter Charles Willson Peale, all of whom were painters. For the most part, she has stuck to her intention—to "look fearlessly" at the work and the women without resorting to double standards or special pleading.

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The Obstacle Race, I expect, will remain the most useful and comprehensive book on the subject for some time. Despite the author's thoroughness, however, she seems to have overlooked one very noteworthy 19th-century example—admittedly, a special case. Although Queen Victoria is referred to twice as a royal patroness, I found no mention of her as an artist. The two illustrations of Victoria's sketches that I have seen (one a remarkable self-portrait) suggest that she was a quite accomplished artist, deserving of attention.

One of the prettier pictures in the Cassatt book shows a little girl, slightly bored, lolling about in ungainly fashion in a blue armchair. What a later French artist might do with such a subject is altogether clear in **Balthus**, by Jean Leymarie (Skira/Rizzoli, $100), a posh album on the contemporary painter and former director of the French Academy in Rome. Balthus has achieved a somewhat low-profile, eerie reputation for his perverse pictures of ripe Lolitas posing shamelessly on sofas (this is the first full-scale monograph on the artist), but I much prefer the riveting and harsh portraits of his fellow-painters Derain and Miró. The Leymarie text, unfortunately, is overripe: "Some artists are providentially singled out as bearers of the golden bough. They abide, pilgrims of eternity...."

Alex Katz, by Irving Sandler (Abrams, $55), is one of the season's most attractive art books, largely, one suspects, because Katz's easy-to-take, sociable style—paintings and cut-outs of family, friends, the minor celebrities of the art world, rendered in agreeable tones—translates so cleanly to the color-plate medium. A Pop artist with a difference (rather than the usual Pop-diffidence), Katz's commentaries on the good life in Maine, the Hamptons, and at New York gallery openings, have class and verve.

Christo: Running Fence, chronicle by Calvin Tomkins, narrative text by David Bourdon (Abrams, $200), is an unconscionably fat book, reprinting in small type every commission report, legal notice, work-specification order, safety ordinance connected with the construction of the 24½-mile temporary white fabric fence (fabric sample included) that the Bulgarian wrap-up artist erected in Sonoma and Marin counties, California, in 1976 at a reported cost of $3 million. The book, like the fence, costs more than the subject is worth, but the final running sequence of color photographs by Gianfranco Gorgoni does have a kind of awesome beauty.

James R. Mellow, a freelance art critic, is the author of a forthcoming biography of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Kids' Stuff

by Ted Morgan

AFTER THUMBING through Bruno Bettelheim's book on the psychoanalytical meaning of fairy tales, *The Uses of Enchantment*, I realize now that I missed the point of much of what I read as a boy. I was not aware that in eating the gingerbread house Hansel and Gretel were demonstrating an oral fixation (I thought they were hungry). Or that Little Red Riding Hood, in mistaking the big bad wolf for her grandmother, did not have a firm grip on the reality principle.

It never occurred to me that Goldilocks, busily trying the beds and tasting the porridge in the bears' house, was in the throes of an identity crisis, or that Cinderella was suffering from primary narcissism—the glass slipper being, of course, a symbol of virginity, breakable and easily lost. All this has come as a revelation, although applying the jargon of Freudian analysis to fairy tales robs them of the enchantment they possess.

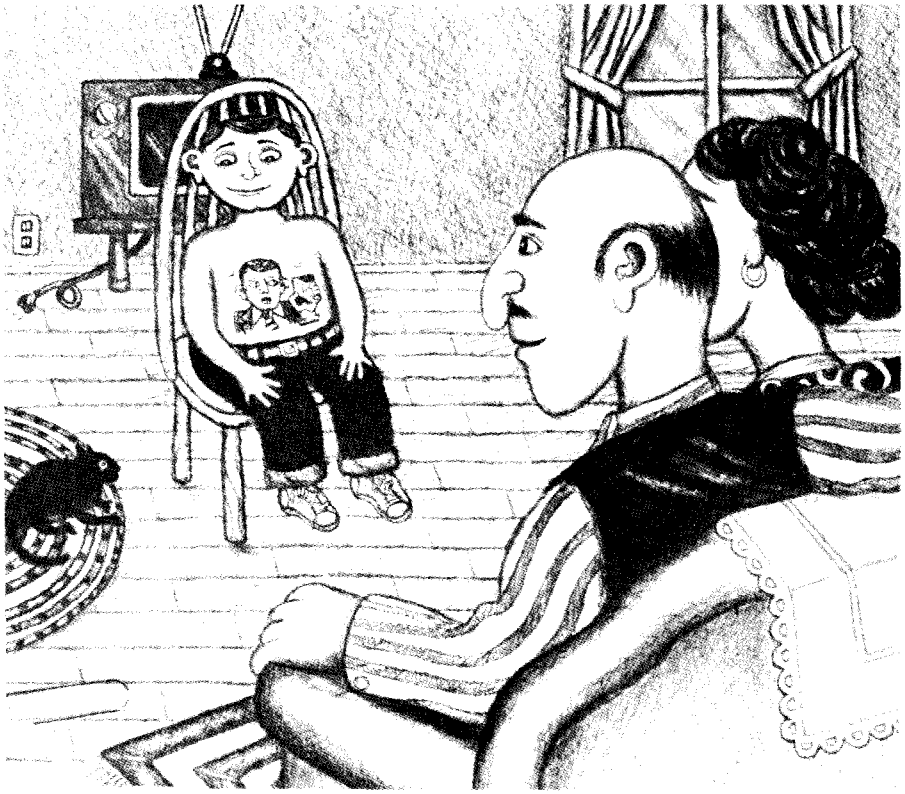
In any case, fairy tales are not an American genre. What does a democratic society want with stories about kings and dragons, princes and princesses, and turreted castles? What does a young country have to do with stories set in Europe in a bygone age? Why do we need Cinderella when we have Paul Bunyan? America was once a land no less magical than Middle Earth, only partly known, a land of boundless horizons and endless possibilities.

Perhaps now that we have reached the age of limitations, we need fairy tales to remind us of a time of abundance. Perhaps in good times America was its own fairy tale, while now, in times that can be euphemistically described as confused, we need fairy tales for escape.

There doesn't seem to be any trend in that direction, however. Indeed, judging from the current crop of children's books, there isn't any trend at all. They seem to respond to the same market forces as adult books (they are, after all, bought by parents, not children). And, as in the adult market, a few good titles emerge like water lilies from a swamp of trivia and cuteness.

One I liked, perhaps because it bears out E. B. White's theory that "like toys, books for children reflect surely the temper of the period into which they are born," is **The Boy Who Turned Into a TV Set,** by Stephen Manes (Coward, McCann, & Geohegan, $6.95). The family doctor diagnoses televisionisis, an incurable condition. The parents soon grow accustomed to their multichanneled son, however, and watch him when their set breaks down.

Stephen Manes, the author, is playing with some interesting ideas. One is the "answered prayer" idea—wouldn't it be fun to turn into a television set? Another is the idea that we become what we



The boy who turned into a TV set and his parents—who decide they like him that way.

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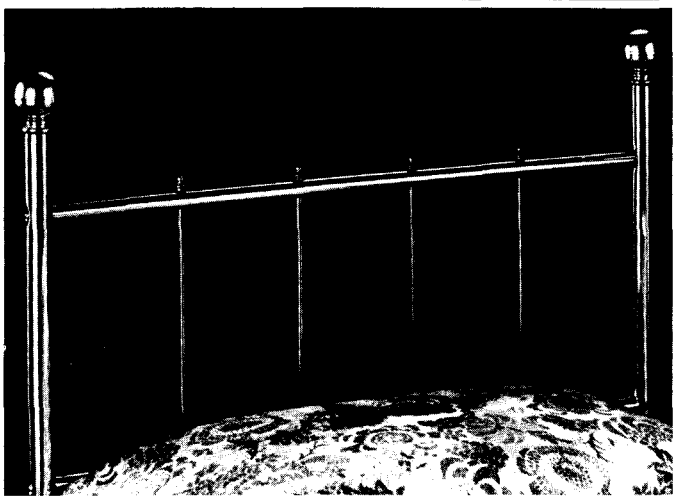


TOP BRASS

We don't think that anyone would argue that the price of solid brass is what most often discourages lovers of brass headboards from buying the bed of their dreams. Well, you'll be interested in knowing that one of our readers recently told us how he had satisfied his craving for a brass bed when he bought a brass-plated headboard which had been manufactured by the Dresher Company. He told us that he thought that the headboard he'd bought looked enough like the real thing to let us know about it.

So we ordered and tried one, and discovered that the headboard arrives unassembled, but that a lot of intelligent thinking had been done by the manufacturer before it was shipped to us. We say that because it took us only ten minutes to assemble the headboard, and the only tool we had to use was a medium-sized screwdriver.

Their assembly instructions showed us how easy it was to line up the holes in the headboard with those in the bed frame we wanted to attach it to. And when we'd finished bolting the two together, we discovered that we had a headboard whose price we honestly had difficulty believing. And while the one we assembled was not as heavy as an all-brass version, it seemed to be just as solid and good-looking as its revered ancestor. If you'd like the bed from us, you should know that in addition to the twin size headboard at $37.00 (A-96), the other sizes available are the full-size at $43.00 (A-97), the Queen At $50.00 (A-98), and the King at $56.00 (A-99). Prices include UPS shipment.

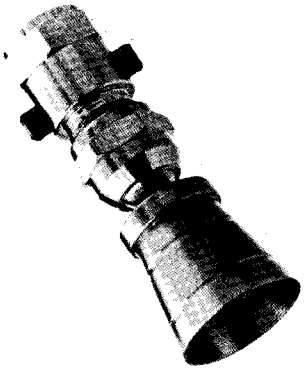
YOU'LL BE DRAWN TO THEM

Kitchen magnets have become somewhat of a nuisance for family members and we were happy to hear from a reader in St. Louis that Inter-Design had gone ahead and done something about it. They've created SuperMagnet, a magnet that will firmly hold up to fifteen pieces of 5″ x 7″ paper, when placed against a metal surface. And while they were at it, they decided that maybe the public had had just about enough of those unattractive plastic fruit and vegetable magnets, and could well be ready for some sensible design and simple color choices on the kitchen magnets of today.

We'll send you the kitchen-color SuperMagnets in white, red, blue, green, or yellow in sets of 4 magnets for $2.75 post paid (A-68). Real wood set of 4 for $3.75 postpaid. (A-69)

SAVINGS IN THE SHOWER

In 1977, Hamilton Township, N.J., had a tough problem. Its sewage treatment plant was operating at full capacity and enlarging it would take a least two years. The only apparent course of action was drastic: to stop all building and development for two years until more sewage treatment capacity became available. Then a township offical heard about the SaverShower showerhead at a government conference. He and his collegues tested the showerhead and ended up passing out 30,000 of them free to all residents of the township (well, not quite for free, since they were purchased with tax money). Almost immediately, water consumption in the township fell by 25%, reducing the sewage load by a like amount. There was no longer any need to impose a building moratorium. The SaverShower was able to effect this rather dramatic civic rescue because it reduces the flow of the average showerhead from 6 or 8 gpm (gallons per minute) to 2.3 gpm. Of course such a reduction is only a theoretical advantage unless people actually install and use the conservation showerhead. And that's what is so impressive about the Hamilton Township experience—people obviously found their own incentives for using the SaverShower. Two things seemed decisive. First, they still had a shower that felt like a shower. Naturally the force of the water is not as full with the SaverShower (that's the point, after all), but by aerating and increasing the velocity of the water, it gives a tingly spray that is plenty strong enough to rinse soap out of your hair. Second, they could save an appreciable amount of money. Heating water is the second largest category of home energy use. If you cut water use,



you are also cutting the amount of money spent to make water hot. The Department of Energy has figured that reducing shower flow from 8 gpm to 3 gpm will save the average family of four $240 a year. We contacted the manufacturer in Connecticut and are pleased to offer the SaverShower in the standard model for $12.50 (two for $23.00 postpaid (A-75) and in the deluxe model for $15.50 (two for $29.00) postpaid (A-76). The deluxe model has a push-button valve for turning off the spray temporarily (while you are soaping, for instance) without losing the hot/cold mix. In addition, we can also supply flow-limiting aerators for use in kitchen and bathroom sinks for $3.00 each postpaid (A-77). These aerators halve the water flow from a normal 4 gpm to 2 gpm without noticeably affecting efficiency. The manufacturer calculates that these aerators pay for themselves in about 55 minutes of hot water running time.

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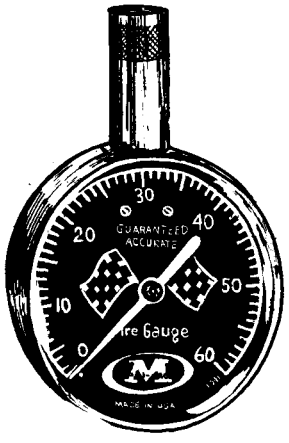
SIMPLE WAYS TO SAVE GAS

Underinflated tires increase the rolling resistance of an automobile. This means more energy is required to move the car, so it travels less distance per gallon of gas. This simple mechanical truth is relevant today as never before, as we all struggle to copy with tighter gasoline supply. But the importance of tire inflation does not end there: safety, handling, and tire life all ride on maintaining proper tire pressures. (American drivers are notoriously inattentive to their tires. It is not unusual to find tire pressures on a sedan ranging, say, from 22 pounds to 28 pounds where the specifications call for 24 pounds per tire. Such variation will cause uneven braking and steering, excessive heat buildup, reduced traction and shorter tread life.) Yet even for people attentive to their tires, proper pressure is not always a simple matter. A Bureau of Standards study shows that the *average* error in automatic service station air pumps is 4 pounds. Furthermore, for accuracy, tire pressure should be measured *cold,* before you even travel to a service station. The most practical solution in these circumstances is for every driver to carry a reliable gauge with which to check tire inflation at least once a month and before trips. Used regularly, the gauge will return its price many times over in longer tire life and increased gas mileage.



Each gauge is $9.50 postpaid. It registers 0 to 60 pounds in 1-pound gradations, with easy-to-read white-on-black registration. The gauge comes in a rugged steel casing. The dial is 2″ in diameter. (A-60)

THOUGHTS IN ITALIC

It seemed to us very obvious that a letter addressed and written in a calligraphic hand would stay a cut above the rest. And then it occurred to us that this just might be the case because someone else had taken the trouble to write it.

We contacted one of our readers who had recently written us in a flawless form of Calligraphy and heard him suggest that the Platignum Italic Set & Instruction Manual was probably the best way to start out in Calligraphy. So we bought one and took a good look at it, and found that the "How to" booklet that comes with it was extremely comprehensive and helpful.

The set turned out to be one of those products that you just couldn't wait to tell everyone about once you started to use it.

The reader we contacted turned out to be an expert on the subject and said that in addition to being a lot of fun, Calligraphy is a great way to be sure that people are really

reading the things you've taken the trouble to write to them.

The Platignum Set includes a fountain pen and five Inter-Changeable nibs (extra fine through extra broad) along with the manual. You should specify whether it will be used by a left or right handed writer. The cost per set from us is $7.50 postpaid. (A-14)

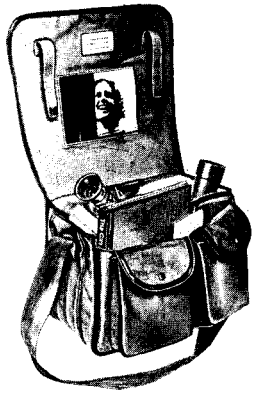
KEEPING THAT SECOND CUP OF TEA HOT

For those unacquainted with the charm and usefulness of the tea cosy it is quite simply a quilted cloth insulating device that goes over the teapot while tea is brewing in the pot, or sitting on the table or sideboard after the first or second cup has been poured. One of our tea-loving friends summarized it best when she said that the tea cosy is really for people who like the comfort of being absolutely sure that their next cup of tea will be as hot as

the first one.

In designing their tea cosy, Ulster Weaving saw to it that the outer cover could easily be removed from the heat-proof liner for better laundering. And they also tell us that they saw no reason why their tea cosy shouldn't be just as beautiful as it is practical. So they adorned it with a tea urn pattern and have made it available to the better stores in many cities. We thought that the tea cosy might be a nice way to let tea-lovers know you're thinking about them. We have it for $12.00 postpaid. (A-29)

SHOULDERING YOUR LOAD



This oversize bag is an overwhelming success with photographers, artists, students, musicians, dancers, opera singers, nuns, poets, duck hunters, cyclists, plumbers, teachers, filmmakers, pilots, architects, doctors, reporters and travelers . . . because it's a veritable labyrinth of roomy pockets that contain and organize an amazing amount of things and looks good on everybody.

Its real name is the Danish Bookbag. *New West Magazine* called it simply "The best device for carrying things ever invented." Made of waterproof canvas that wears like iron, the bookbag has an unusual zipper design that enables the bag to expand to double its normal width—to a full 8 inches—so there's always a place to stuff one more thing. Then when you are sure it's stuffed to capacity, stash a couple more items in the two outer pockets in front, put some copies of *Saturday Review* in the large back pocket—and try not to topple over from the load. Whether you sling it over your shoulder or carry it on your back, the adjustable 2″ wide strap makes the burden easier. Specify grey, cinnamon brown, bright blue, $39.50 plus $2.00 shipping. (A-6)

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watch, and that children today are amalgams of network programming.

But in the end, Ogden Pettibone stops being a TV set, just as mysteriously as he became one:

"Our TV set just broke again! The football game's tied with seconds to play!" Mr. Pettibone shouted. "Turn yourself on! Hurry!"

Ogden knew how much football meant to his father. He pulled up his sweater, ripped off the adhesive tape, and poked himself in the bellybutton.

Nothing happened.

"Maybe you didn't press hard enough," his father said, and gave Ogden's navel a healthy poke. Ogden grunted, but nothing appeared on his tummy.

"I don't know what's wrong," Ogden cried, poking his midriff frantically. "It worked the last time I tried."

"Never mind," said his father. "The game's probably over anyhow. We'll have Mrs. Turkel fix the TV in the morning. Maybe she can fix you, too."

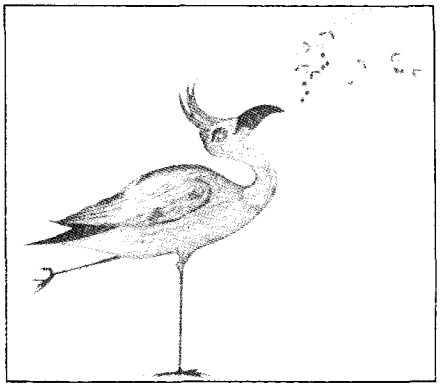
"Not me!" Ogden shouted. "I'm tired of being a TV."

"There's just no pleasing some people," said his mother, shaking her head.

Thus, the parents grow accustomed to their son's transformation, and, instead of trying to cure him, want him to remain a machine. This is an illustration of our dependence on technology, and of the very old American conflict between the machine and man's natural surroundings, which was once summed up as "the locomotive in the garden." The logical conclusion is reached when people turn into machines.

Another theory of children's literature, which might be called the Peter Pan principle, holds that childhood should be protected, and that books should be like wormless apples, cheerful and innocent, with no violence, unpleasantness, or monsters. Bettelheim argues to the contrary that children are fond of monsters, since much of the time they harbor feelings of ill will that make them feel like monsters themselves.

One very charming "Peter Pan" book is Mitsumasa Anno's **The King's Flower** (Collins, $7.95), which pokes fun at our passion for bigness. The king wants the biggest of everything until a humble red tulip shows him that small can be beautiful, a lesson that every child learns by looking in the mirror. An equally charming monster book is **The Magic Circus** (Viking, $7.95), written by the poet Christopher Logue, with illustrations by Wayne Anderson that are a happy blend of fancy and meticulous detail. In this case, the monster, called Megalump, is unusually benign.



The Tango, one of Vickers's Googles.

Some children's books are propaganda, a way of brainwashing kids into what we want them to believe. Fitting into this category is the 10-volume series published by Methuen ($6.95 each) as part of the United Nations program for the International Year of the Child. The books lean rather heavily on the message, but some are cleverly done. In **The Storybook Children**, the characters from children's books escape like members of an oppressed minority to demand their rights. Pinnochio wants a normal nose, Cinderella wants to stay out past midnight, Snow White wants her stepmother to look at her instead of in the mirror, and Mowgli is sick of animals. The message, spelled out on the flap for those who don't get it, is that all children without exception have rights.

Among the most handsome of the more than one hundred children's books I sampled are new editions of two classics. One of these, Oscar Wilde's **The Birthday of the Infanta** (Viking, $7.95), has pen-and-ink illustrations by Leonard Lubin that are vaguely reminiscent of those drawn by Wilde's collaborator on *The Yellow Book*, Aubrey Beardsley. This rather somber fable about a dwarf who dies of love for the Infanta teaches the lesson that the rich and powerful are heartless, but the language is lovely, and made me think that one of the rights the Year of the Child does not mention is the right to be exposed to good writing at an impressionable age.

The other was written and illustrated by one of those classic figures of British whimsy, the solemn establishment figure who moonlights as an author of fanciful children's books. V. C. Vickers, a director of the Bank of England and a distinguished economist, is best remembered for **The Google Book** (Oxford University Press, $9.95), a collection of fantastic birds described in humorous verse. First published in 1913 in a limited edition of 100 copies, the present selection seems to suit the contemporary

The storybook children—who demand the right to escape their oppressive plots.

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penchant for the absurd.

Finally, we look for the same qualities in children's as in adult books—good writing, an absence of falseness, a personal vision, a plausible world contained between clothbound covers. In the current offering, there are two authors, M. B. Goffstein and Alan Garner, who, I think, meet all these standards. Goffstein's books are utterly simple, and in them she says something to the effect that one has to work and work until the result seems effortless. Her drawings have the pared-down quality I liked so much in Crockett Johnson's *Barnaby*. Her stories are equally low-key, but they weave their spell. As Henry James used to say, we have here "economy of means, and ... economy of effect." In **Natural History** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $6.95), the language is simple without being banal: "Our planet is a lively ball in the universe.... Tiny grains of sand keep the powerful waters from flooding lands where trees grow skyward." Her books, small in size and theme, are rubies in a field planted with garnets.

Alan Garner has written a sort of *Forsythe Saga* for children, a series of four novels spanning a century and five generations. **Tom Fobble's Day** (Collins, $6.95), which is the last in the series, takes place in Chorley, a small town in Cheshire, England, and follows the lives of a working-class family. The language Garner uses is a combination of modern English and words from the past, still in use in rural Cheshire. He springs them on his young readers without apology or explanation: "'I see,' said Grandad. 'And what are you doing clagged up so you can't hardly walk?' 'I keep stopping to scrawk it off,' said William." I have no idea what this means, but it doesn't matter, for the book's power is somehow enhanced by these occasional lapses into Mercian dialect:

"In Kaiser Bill's War," said Grandad, "I went for me medical, along with all the other youths from this shop—Tommy Latham, David Peters, and them. But the army doctor said as how he reckoned they could manage without me. He said, 'You've hammer toes.' And I said, 'What do you expect? I'm a smith.' But it was a terrible rough auction, was Kaiser Bill's War. Men were going thick and threefold. Like water down a ditch."

In *Tom Fobble's Day* Garner manages to combine a story of boys sledding with the bombing of England in World War II. The planes arrive with their promise of destruction while the boys sled, keeping the promise of youth. In the background is the figure of the blacksmith grandfather, who has known other wars. In its concern for character, in its contrapuntal treatment of themes, in its strongly rendered setting, and in its vivid language, *Tom Fobble's Day* succeeds as a children's book and as a work of literature. ◉

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This Other Eden

THE DAY I had lunch with Colin Tennant he was wearing a snappy coconut hat of the style affected in Tahiti, a shirt with a mandarin collar, a wrap-around skirt, and sandals. He appeared dapper and quite in fashion, at least the fashion that seems proper on the island of Mustique, a sandy speck in the Caribbean which has accumulated remarkable renown, considering its size, as a roosting place for those whom some columnists call the glitterati.

The reputation began when Tennant, who had bought the island and who is a friend of Princess Margaret Rose, then about to marry Antony Armstrong-Jones, gave Margaret a piece of land as a wedding present. "I just said to her, 'Do you want a dozen glasses from Asprey's or a tract on Mustique?'"

As things turned out she came to the island on her honeymoon, visited again in 1968 to choose the plot of land she preferred, and lately has been coming, a divorced matron of 49, to escape the tedium of English winters with her friend Roddy Llewellyn.

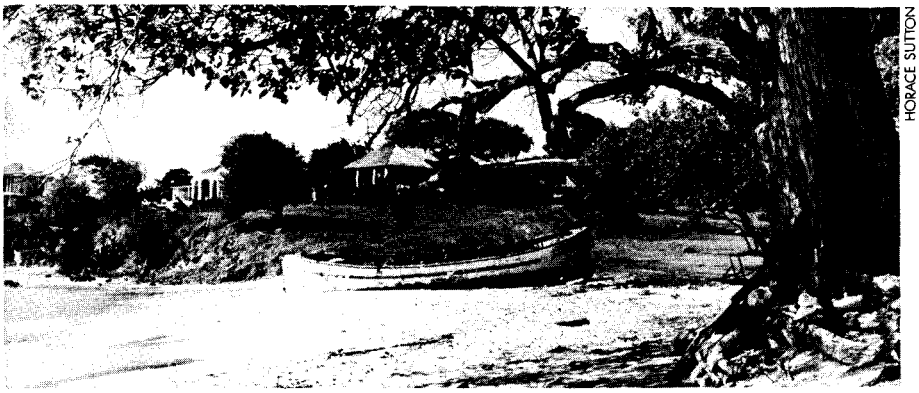
Margaret's choice of Mustique as a hideaway made it a secret island with allure for such as Mick Jagger; Dick Avedon, the fashion photographer; Sheikh Yamani, the tsar of Saudi oil; Capote, the sometime writer; Marietta Tree, the sometime diplomat; and others of the, well, glitterati.

Considering that Mustique has no airport large enough to accept jets, that it is faced on the north by Baliceaux Island, on the northwest by Quatre Isle, on the south by Petit Mustique and Savan Island, hardly paradises of great West Indian renown, the emergence of Mustique is an extraordinary turn.

Tennant bought the island 20 years ago when it was so remote people here used to take off their necklaces to wave to passing boats. There was, of course, no airport on Mustique in those days; indeed there was none on St. Vincent, which is considered the mother island and the one from which Mustique is administered. To get here one had to go to Trinidad, then work north by boat.

Tennant was well acquainted with Trinidad. His great-grandfather had come into a windfall of profits in the 1850s, and ultimately Tennant's grandfather, his father, and himself found themselves the inheritors of 10,000 acres of sugar on that island.

"When I visited our holdings in 1953," Tennant told me, "I was only the third member of the family to look at the place in 100 years." Apparently one look convinced him to dispose of the land. In those days people went to Carriacou and Union, but Mustique was the only privately owned island in the Grenadines and was unknown to visitors. He cabled his father, then in New Zealand, with a proposal to buy the island, and the answer came back, "Okay if plenty of water." There wasn't, but he bought it, paying 45,000 pounds for 1,390 acres.



HORACE SUTTON

On the beach at Mustique— "On its way to providing a haven for the richly oppressed."

Tennant spent the first night in the old great house, and stayed long enough to find the people living on a feudal system. The minister called him "sir." The real estate was really scrub land although the beaches were lovely. While he was away the manor house burned down, and what with one problem and another—lack of water being one—he decided to list the island for sale with Previews, a real estate company specializing in expensive dwellings and holdings. The agency took so long getting out a brochure that he ended up buying Previews. By the time he got his brochure out he had changed his mind. In four months the island people had rebuilt the manor house and Tennant arrived to move in on Christmas day 1964.

To the islanders he was, he says, "just another white owner." He decided to give the old people pensions with which they had never before been blessed. But the elders complained that $10 a month was not enough to live on. "We favor de hoe," they told him. And so the old people went on hoeing, making more money than the young people, who favored sitting in the sun. Eventually a village was built and enough land was cleared to invite people to come and see the island.

By then Margaret had gotten her piece of land and the island had received some notoriety. Antony Armstrong-Jones's uncle, the stage designer, Oliver Messel, was engaged to design and build a hotel which was called Cotton House. It opened in February 1970; Princess Margaret was on hand for the party.

The purpose of the hotel, which had only 19 rooms, was to house people who might want to look at the island as a place to plant a second home. Before he died, Messel left a score of designs for houses which were unbuilt and which are now being adapted by a Swedish architect, Arne Hasselqvist. In six months Tennant had sold about $3 million in housing sites. He also sold the hotel to Guy de la Houssaye, the owner of the Hotel Bakoua in Martinique.

Additions have been made to Cotton House by Happy Ward, the builder of Sandy Lane, the elegant resort in Barbados, as well as the moving spirit behind Mill Reef Club in Antigua. Ward's creation comprises eight rooms and three bungalows, which are sort of Bahamian in style—clean and white, softened by arches and by bougainvillea.

There are two tennis courts, as well as a dozen beaches. Excursionists still wander off to view the wreck of the *Antilles*, a ship of the French Line that tried to slip through the shoals on a clear day, went aground and burned. The passengers were taken off, but it is said that there are a Rolls-Royce and 1,500 bottles of wine in the hold.

Midday meals are often served around the pool, and the rates in winter, which is to say from December until April 15, are a hefty $190 a day double with breakfast and dinner. In summer, which in hotel parlance means April 16th to the end of November, the same quarters are available for $100 a day.

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Messel's big open main house remains the centerpiece of the place, and is decorated much as it was when it opened. A Zanzibar chest and an armoire encrusted with seashells, a piece bought in London, share the decor with elephant tusk jugs and Messel's own hand-painted plates that hang over the bar. The terrace is lit with candles for evening dinner. The view sweeps to the sea.

Those who have homes are a conglomerate lot, being variously Swedish, American, French, English, German, Venezuelan, Austrian, and Canadian. The Guinnesses own two houses on the island, Margaret owns one, and Mick Jagger has one.

Sometimes the fishermen from Bequia set up their tents on Britannia Bay on the west shore of the island, a lively stretch of beach where the center of activity is Basil's Bar, which is owned by Tennant but operated by Basil Charles, a black Vincentian who is a friend of Lady Royston, a young English widow. Basil's place has a rooftop of straw thatch, the tables are covered with red and blue gingham in bistro fashion, and the decorations on the walls lean toward conch shells and sea fans.

When not playing backgammon in Basil's or on the beach, or off yachting in some visitor's floating palace, guests drop in at the lone boutique, which is operated by the wife of the Swedish architect and is called Anita's Affair.

Land is still considered inexpensive, at least by Tennant. It is available with a two-acre minimum, although some prime sights on the beach or near Cotton House are smaller. Ninety-two lots were laid out in 1978 with prices pegged then at anything from $40,000 to $250,000. It is fair to assume they have risen with the decline of the dollar.

Tennant, who has a home in Scotland, doesn't really see anything bizarre in his 20-year affair with this remote island. After all, the Queen and Prince Philip have dropped by in the royal yacht to pay a call. And a neighbor, until he died recently, was Anthony Eden who maintained a home in Barbados.

Now that the island is on its way to providing a haven for the richly oppressed, Tennant has moved into other interests. There are now estimated to be close to one million West Indian expatriates in Britain to whom he is exporting yams, mangoes, papayas, and other produce of the islands which might not otherwise be found in England. Discovering there was at one time no postal service in the Seychelles intrigued Tennant, and he set himself up in the manufacture and printing of postage stamps. The Gilbert and Ellice islands, as well as Montserrat, are among his clients. No stamp yet for Mustique, which has made its mark in other ways.

—Horace Sutton

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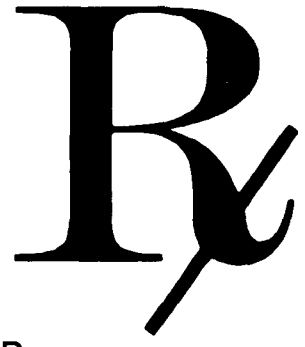

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Winners of *SR* Competition No. 1

The huge response convinced us anew that our readers will rise to any challenge, however silly. The task was to name and describe an imaginary ultra-specialized magazine.

Judging by the number of readers who proposed magazines for people waiting in line at the supermarket, etc., *the* social malaise of the late Seventies is certainly boredom. An appalling number of people suggested a journal named *Throne*, or variations thereon, with drearily predictable descriptions; these have been disposed of in the most appropriate way.

Winners: *Svelte: The Journal for the Very Thin.* Tells how to get thin... thinner ... thinnest! And stay that way. Articles on fashion (Pencil Stripes—Aren't Three Enough?), diet (The Raisin or the Lettuce Leaf—Which Is the Calorie Criminal?), and sex (The Subtle Allure of Fainting: Here's How!).

—Kitty Brown, Akron, Ohio

Firstborn. A magazine for the eldest child, this quarterly will carry such articles as: "Your sisters are practically engaged—then it's your turn to marry." "Eat your macaroni and cheese—you are *not* getting fat." "You're still a young man! You don't need insurance." "Marrying an orphan? What brought you to this decision?"

—Holden Breakstone, Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania

Honorable mention to Stan Chess of New York, New York, for *Enizagam*—America's leading periodical *by* palindromists *for* palindromists (which would serialize Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backward*); Stephen Spignesi of East Haven, Connecticut, for *Ex Cathedra,* the Magazine for Reigning Popes (it would tackle such problems as "What's the Latin for *Mutual Funds*?"); and to Mark O'Donnell of New York, New York, for *Nice Girl,* a journal of restrained living (whose titles would include "Living Together: Two Sisters' Own Story," "Baked Goods You Can Sell," and "Ten Pages of Sensible Shoes.")And sincere thanks, but no cigar, to Ida Selavan of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, who dreamed up something called *The Saturday Review* (the Magazine for Sabbatarians), which reports on everything one day ahead of the *Sunday Times.* The award (non-material) for the wittiest subtitle goes to Leo Townsend of Malibu, California, for *The Susan B. Anthony Dollar Magazine: A Quarterly.*

PUZZLES

Literary Crypt No. 143

BY THE GODS GHAST THEX WHU, BC JBII LIOWES THE IBDS CQS USNBI.

QSAXT YBSIUBAW

Wit Twister No. 155

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash with a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

When Fran___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ her menial career,
Its___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ nature angers her anew.
She now___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ each badly wasted year
And thanks the Lord she joined a wrecking crew.

Contributed by William D. Lemley
Eureka, California

Answers next issue

NOVEMBER 10 ANSWERS

Literary Crypt No. 142

Thoreau ... wrote down what he saw, afterward reinvented the world out of his journal.

Malamud

Wit Twister No. 154

perils, pliers, lisper

Middleton Double-Crostic No. 183

WILLIAM SHAWCROSS: SIDESHOW

Bureaucrats have a vested interest in protecting the policies of the past, however unsuccessful, and an organization like the State Department, disparate in its views but united in self-regard, can prove a serious barrier to new ideas.

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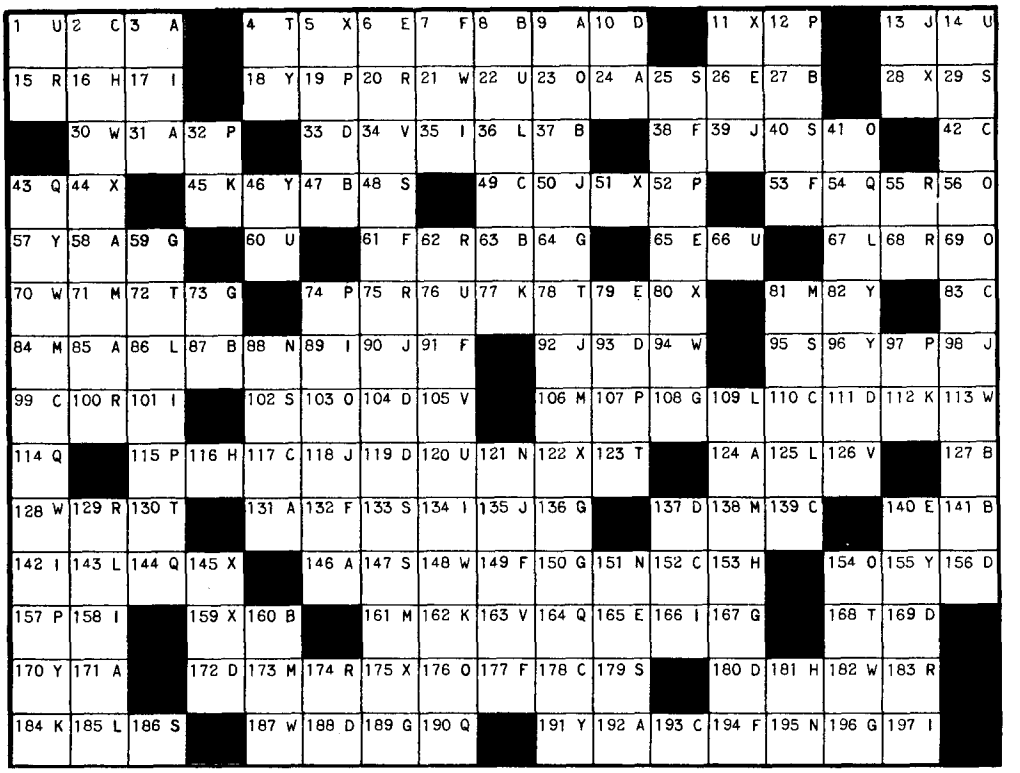
DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 184

by Thomas H. Middleton

Instructions:
If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle. Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.
The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.
The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.
You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

Answer to Double-Crostic No. 183 appears on page 70.



CLUES	WORDS
A. American actress and singer (autobiography, *His Eye Is On the Sparrow*; full name)	3 24 31 58 85 124 131 171 192 146 9
B. Spirit of the sea (2 wds.)	37 47 63 87 127 141 160 8 27
C. District of Stepney, east London	49 83 99 110 139 193 2 42 117 152 178
D. At right angles to "stem to stern"	188 33 93 180 104 119 137 169 111 156 172 10
E. Ornate or florid in style	26 65 140 165 6 79
F. Disadvantages	91 132 149 61 177 194 7 38 53
G. Disposed to perceive in visual terms	64 167 196 108 150 189 59 73 136
H. Blurs, dulls, fades	153 181 116 16
I. Flagrant	17 101 142 158 166 35 89 134 197
J. Place of settlement or residence	98 118 13 50 92 39 90 135
K. Firm, unyielding	45 77 112 162 184
L. Capital of Loiret, France	185 36 86 109 125 143 67
M. Foster, back	71 84 161 173 81 106 138
N. "Touching all with thine opiate ___" (Shelley, "To Night")	88 121 151 195
O. Roman emperor, 117-138	103 154 41 56 69 176 23
P. Unpleasant, disagreeable	107 12 74 97 19 52 115 157 32
Q. "But use all ___," says Hamlet to the players	114 144 43 54 164 190
R. Intended for supplementary use when necessary	15 68 20 55 129 75 174 100 62 183
S. Impertinence; audacity	25 95 29 48 133 40 102 147 186 179
T. Characterized by a fixed condition	4 123 168 130 78 72
U. Adroit, sensitive, diplomatic	120 60 76 1 66 22 14
V. Multitude	34 163 126 105
W. Salary, fee	70 148 21 182 128 187 94 113 30
X. Sequence or series (2 wds.)	51 28 5 80 44 145 11 175 159 122
Y. Having grounds for laying claim	18 82 46 170 57 155 96 191

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The Papal Gifts

As POPE John Paul II rounded the Yankee outfield, past the 417-foot marker, in his Ford Pinto "Popemobile," the roar of the crowd crescendoed. The enthusiasm was more than faddishness or posturing for the cameras; more than delight at being present at what newscasters persisted in calling "a footnote to history." Faces in this cheering "capacity crowd" seemed genuinely suffused with gladness and the belief that the problems of this world are trivial in comparison with its promise. The emotion reminded me of another crowd, same location, same time of year, two years earlier, when Reggie Jackson hit his third consecutive home run in the final game of the World Series. Then, too, unsentimental adults wept. Then, too, all things seemed possible.

The outpouring of affection for the Pope—not just from Roman Catholics but from a wide array of Americans, including most journalists—was one of the more startling developments of the decade. In the United States, we are not prone to adulate authority figures while they live. The availability of unvarnished history and news has made Americans suspicious of the powerful and skeptical of grand solutions.

Neither are we a particularly spiritual people. True, we have lots of religions, and overwhelming majorities say yes to the pollster's "Do you believe in God?" But since the ascendancy of the European over the American Indian, religion in the United States has tended to be more practical than mystical. We seek religion for help and comfort in this world—how to live more self-confidently or conscientiously or serenely or charitably—rather than for escape into some ethereal fantasy. It is appropriate that "blind faith"—the essential component of all mystical religion—should have only pejorative uses in everyday speech. In the United States, to believe blindly is to behave irresponsibly.

That is why Americans' effusive embrace of Pope John Paul II was so startling. Our belief in that man, during his sojourn, was blissfully blind. Our obsessively alliterative press made him the People's Pope, the Pilgrim Pope, the Peaceful Pole. His radiant face dominated the airwaves and the front pages of even our most circumspect newspapers. His every gesture, even his eating and sleeping habits, was minutely scrutinized by a press eager both to stimulate and satisfy a consuming curiosity about this man. It scarcely mattered what the Pope said. Thousands who staunchly disagreed cheered the Pope's opposition to birth control and women priests. Only an intrepid iconoclast would have dared to utter criticism during those seven days. No one maintained his distance. Hard-bitten editors behaved like flag-waving fans.

Why? The most familiar explanation advanced is our craving for a world leader, a soldier for peace. There is no doubt that we could use such a leader and that the Pope is well positioned and dispositioned to fill the role. A year ago, I wrote, in a "Letter to the New Pope," that perhaps "no man alive has greater opportunity to exert a humane and peaceable influence on these fractious times." To an impressive extent, John Paul II has seized that opportunity.

But the sources of the American fervor are deeper than that. After all, most of those cheering millions are not particularly preoccupied with peace in the Middle East or anywhere else. Their primary focus is on their own lives, and a deep concern to them is that they have so little to cheer about. Sure, they enjoy material well-being. They have access to a wide diversity of diversions. They possess the necessities of life. But man, as Jesus observed, cannot live on bread alone. We all need reasons to exist, goals that are always before us, that we believe in, even though we may not reach them. Like a magnet, that sense of purpose pulls a person through life. Without such commitment, a person must generate all his own forward power.

Quite by chance, the Pope became the focus for millions of people who yearn for commitment, for faith. The deep belief so apparent in his gaze, the dignity of his manner and speech, the obvious decency of his purpose, made him a spiritual model for thousands who found themselves lost in the woods of life. The man who had been Karol Wojtyla had resolved his personal strifes and doubts. He had become an instrument of some higher purpose, and his manner bespoke the fulfillment that his new mission has afforded him.

When Reggie Jackson hit his third consecutive home run in the final game of the 1977 World Series, the emotional impact was sudden and staggering. If one man could so thoroughly transcend his physical limitations, anything seemed possible. Similarly, when Pope John Paul II lifted his arms and gazed to the worshipful crowd, it seemed one could overcome emotional limitations, one could attain strength, purpose, and inner peace. For a moment the Pope made us all believe, not in any dogma or deity, but in our own potential.

—Carll Tucker

"Will someone kindly draw the curtains."

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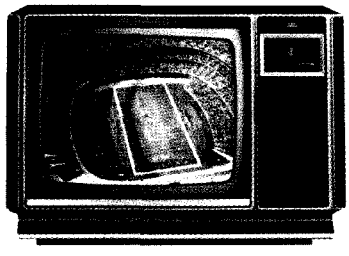
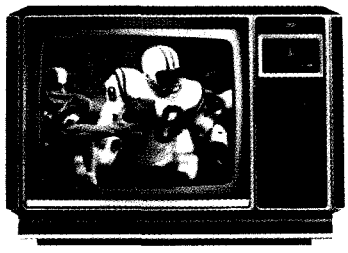


It lets you speed past what you don't want to see.



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The Weekend Auto Recorder is another new feature on the Zenith Video Director. It lets you record any program automatically up to three days away. For example, you can leave on a trip Friday morning and still record the Sunday night movie. (With many competitive models, you couldn't even record the Saturday night movie.) With the repeat recording feature, you can also record a favorite daily program every day for a week or more—up to five hours of recording!

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